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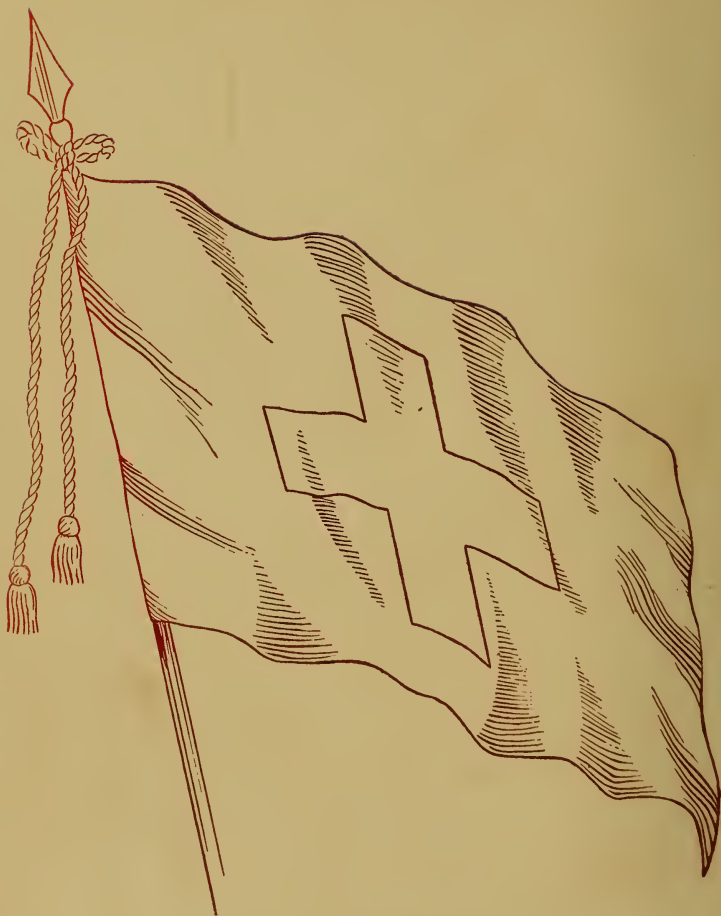
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FLAG OF SWITZERLAND.

A LITTLE JOURNEY

TO

SWITZERLAND

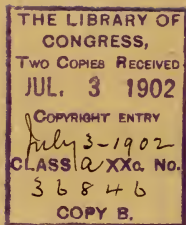
FOR INTERMEDIATE AND UPPER GRADES

2/31
EDITED BY

MARIAN M. GEORGE

CHICAGO

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A Little Journey to Switzerland.

Did you ever hear of the "Play Ground of Europe?" But there is one, a very delightful one, and to its charming lakes and glorious mountains many thousands of wearied people go every year, for rest and recreation.

This playground is about one-third as large as the State of New York. Its name is Switzerland. It is one of the smallest and most mountainous countries of Europe. Many of its square miles stand on end in the form of mountains and glaciers. It boasts of the highest ranges of the Alps, some of the peaks being almost three miles high. Many of these lofty peaks are covered with snow, winter and summer.

Nearly two-thirds of Switzerland consists of lakes and mountains, which leave little room for large ranches and farms. The farms are so very small that we could almost fold them up and put them in our pockets. Only one-ninth of the land is tilled, and there is a population of 3,119,635 to be fed.

Then, again, the Swiss have no sea-coast, which hampers their trade across the ocean; their summer seasons are short, and crops often fail to ripen as they should. Avalanches and storms at times tear down almost as fast as the people can build.

What do the people do? Mountains and glaciers are all very well to look at, but they do not yield crops.

The Swiss must have great difficulty in earning their bread; clearly they have no time to play. Yet the Swiss are the most prosperous people of Europe. They all make a good living and there are no beggars.

I will tell you how they manage. They make money by entertaining their visitors from other parts of Europe. This is one of their leading occupations. They make money out of their lakes and mountains and glaciers.

They build splendid hotels in every mountain nook, on every shore of their blue lakes, and invite the whole world to come and look at their scenery.

There are over 1400 of these hotels, not counting the boarding houses and cafes.

During the long winter days and evenings many are employed in making souvenirs to sell to tourists, and in preparing to act as guides for parties who wish to climb the mountains during the summer.

In May the visitors begin to come, and they continue to come by thousands until October, when the cold weather drives them away. The Swiss people are glad to see them come, and sorry to have them go, for from these visitors they reap a harvest of \$20,000,000 every year.

As the farmers raise barely enough on their small farms for their own use, food supplies have to be imported. Austria and Germany send beef. Germany, France and Italy send vegetables, and the United States sends wheat for bread.

In exchange for these food products the Swiss send the other countries watches, clocks, machinery, carved wooden and ivory articles, lace, embroidery, braided

straw, chamois skin, cigars, cheese, and condensed milk.

Manufacturing is an important industry. They import raw silk from Italy, raw cotton from the United States, and flax and hemp from the low countries of Europe, and make silk, cotton and woolen goods to sell to the world. They make their mountain streams work for them, using the power furnished by their swift-flowing waters. Dairying is also a leading occupation. "Alp" means pasture. On their mountain pastures thousands of cows, sheep, and goats feed. Swiss cheese and condensed milk sell all over the world.

But the manufacturers of Switzerland are not what we are most interested in. There is something we are far more anxious to see—the Alps—those great snow-covered mountains piled high toward the sky. We see them even now in our mind's eye; their precipices, their dark abysses, their ice rivers and seas, their white peaks shining above the clouds.

The Alps slope generally east or west from the St. Gothard group, which forms the chief water-shed of Switzerland. A water-shed is a high point of land from which water drains in opposite directions.

From the St. Gothard, two irregular ranges slope westward, one on either side of the River Rhone. Their glaciers for the most part drain into the Rhone. Monte Blanc, Monte Rosa, the Matterhorn, the Jungfrau and other well known peaks belong to these ranges.

Eastward from the St. Gothard slope the ranges which send their glacier streams into the Rhine. The



HERDSMAN.

Alps have many peaks above the line of perpetual snow. Monte Blanc, whose top is 15,871 feet above sea level, is the highest peak in Europe.

These Swiss Alps do a very big business furnishing rivers for Europe. Not only the Rhine and Rhone, but even the Danube and the Po (through their tributaries) receive water from the glaciers of the Alps.

The Rhine flows northward, through Lake Constance, and forms part of the northern boundary of Switzerland. The Rhone flows westward through the Lake of Geneva. It has the widest valley of all Swiss rivers, and is surrounded by the highest mountains. These rivers and their tributaries have fertile valleys, where we shall see lakes, cities, tourist resorts, and the little pocket editions of farms.

LANGUAGE AND RELIGION.

There is no Swiss language. In the east, middle and north of the country, the people speak German. Of the twenty-two cantons (or little states), into which Switzerland is divided, fifteen are German-speaking, five are French, one is Italian, and in one an ancient language called Romansch is the chief tongue spoken. These divisions are not exact. In some cantons part of the people speak one language, part another. Many Swiss speak two or more languages from childhood. There are so many English-speaking travelers that English is taught in the public schools; so we have no difficulty in making ourselves understood.

A little over half the population is Protestant. We find Zurich, Basel, Geneva, Berne, and their surrounding districts Protestant. The mountain regions are Catholic. People may believe any creed they choose, but the government has forbidden the founding of new convents.

WE ARRIVE AT BASEL.

Of the many railroads leading into Switzerland from Germany and France, by far the greater number lead to Basel. It is situated on the River Rhine in the northwestern corner of Switzerland. In searching our map, we shall have to look at several northwestern



VIEW OF BASEL

corners before we find the right one, owing to the crooked boundary line.

Some one has said that Basel controls the gate money of Switzerland. That means that most tourists enter Switzerland at this point.

We arrive at this old, old town on a fine summer

day. There are no Alps around Basel. The low range of the Jura on one side, the hills of the Black Forest on the other, are all the landscape can do for us. But the town itself is a quaint old-world city which we long to explore.

The Three Kings is said to be the oldest hostelry (hotel) in Europe. Let us go there. It faces the Rhine and has a view from the windows which is both novel and full of interest. As soon as possible we set out to see the sights. It is easy to tell that we are in a Swiss town, for there are numbers of guides with mountain dress and Tyrolese hats decorated with green sprigs, ready for us.

We pass parties of tourists starting to or returning from the mountains with knapsacks, alpenstocks and hob-nailed shoes.

Through narrow streets, past old houses we go, hearing a murmur of German on all sides. The strange shops and foreign faces and languages delight us. We go to the cathedral terrace to see the landscape around the town. Basel seems encircled by vineyards. They lie basking in the sun all along the slopes of the Rhine.

Resting under the great chestnut trees of the terrace, our eyes sweep in a wide circuit over gardens, orchards, villas, and cottage-dotted hills. It seems a prosperous region.

Basel is the second largest city in Switzerland, having a population of 112,842. Its railroads, banks, and manufactories have made it one of the richest cities of its size in the world. Here are made silk ribbons and aniline dyes. We must buy some of the ribbons. The weaving is done in factories, although hand

looms in the homes are still used to some extent. Power factories are of recent date in Switzerland.

As we leave the terrace, we turn to look at the cathedral. It adds a fine bit of color to the town, being built of red sandstone, with roof of bright colored tiles.

Its outer walls are decorated with curious figures of saints carved in stone and wood. It took more than three hundred years to build this cathedral.

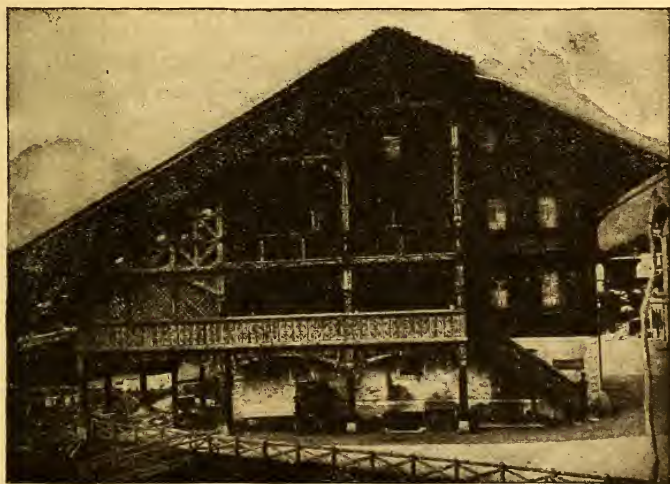
In the old days, when Basel was under Catholic rule, the inner walls were splendid with paintings and images. Then came the religious wars, called the Reformation, and Basel turned Protestant. So did all the large Swiss cities. The people tore the images and paintings from their cathedrals. In many cases they even whitewashed the frescoed walls. This made the interiors more Protestant, but much less interesting.

In this cathedral, built in the fourteenth century, a religious council was once held long ago. It must have been a dull, stupid council, for the people of Basel grew tired of it. They turned all their clocks ahead one hour, hoping that the churchmen would stop debating so much the earlier each day. But the council kept on just the same as ever, while the people of Basel had to fly around pretty lively to keep up with their clocks.

The houses have picturesque overhanging roofs, odd chimneys, and very old and curious gables and turrets. Some of these ancient houses have signs and mottoes over their high, pointed, arched entrances. The mottoes were written in a pious spirit, no doubt, but such is not always their effect. Here is one that was once over an old inn:

“In God I build my hopes of grace,
The Ancient Pig’s my dwelling-place.”

The Ancient Pig was the name of the inn. Basel has been called the Golden Gate of Switzerland, but there must have been a time when it was not so easy to enter the town. Three of the great stone gateways



SWISS INN.

remain, a part of its ancient fortifications. They hint of wars, with terrible assaults by many a foe.

Hiring a carriage, we drive through the parks; the Pfalz (or esplanade); the Zoological Garden, the only one in Switzerland; and to the University buildings and numerous scientific schools. The University is one of Switzerland’s six famous Universities. The others are at Zurich, Geneva, Berne, Lausanne, and Fribourg.

We ride over the macadamized roads about the city and see the pretty villas peeping from masses of foliage.

These villas are the homes of the wealthy people of Basel.

CHALETS.

We see picturesque little cottages, or chalets, that look like little toy houses. They have broad, low roofs, and wide overhanging galleries along the sides and front of the upper story. Built of unpainted pine, they rest upon a stone basement from eight to ten feet high. The sun tans these pine houses to a rich brown, thus making a tasteful background for the wisteria and honeysuckle vines which trail over them. Shelves of blooming plants are under the windows, and beehives of coiled straw over the doors.

Rustic gardens full of carnations, asters, roses and lilacs border the tiny grass plots. A pile of winter fuel is stacked under the projecting eaves. And near neighbor to the house is the manure heap. Neatness reigns inside and out of some of the chalets. Others are sadly untidy—but all are picturesque. Both cattle and family are housed under the same roof, even in very good houses. The stables open upon the kitchen, quite as if cows, sheep, and goats were members of the family.

FROM THE TRAIN WINDOWS.

Leaving Basel we start for Geneva. The ride promises to be a pleasant one, for the railway carriages are so constructed that we can roam about and sit wherever we like. If we get tired of being inside, we can climb up by steps to the roof, and enjoy a fine view from a lofty seat.

Our train skirts the Jura Mountains, now passing

through tunnels, now winding along narrow ledges above swift streams. Lakes gleam in the valleys. Vine-wreathed chalets nestle near the roadside. Castles rise above the trees on the hillside.

As the train follows the highway, we have stray glimpses of the people. A milk cart is trundled toward the village, drawn by a dog and a little boy. Men are



WOMEN IN THE FIELDS.

sharpening their sickles in the meadows, or are carrying produce to market in long baskets strapped to their backs. Nearly all are smoking queer, hooked pipes. Women are busy in the fields, raking, hoeing, or carrying hay in bundles on their backs. A boy with a flock of goats is ascending the hill toward a castled summit.

A little girl sits on a doorstep knitting. We see no one idling.

At the stations along the way Swiss girls come to tempt us with cool drinks, fruit and other articles of food. The Alpine strawberries are delicious, and we all wish to try the Swiss cheese for which the country is celebrated.

This Gruyere cheese is made of goat's milk and is full of holes. We do not enjoy it so much as the Swiss people do, however.

Our train stops at a town, drawing up before a pretty station house built like a chalet, with flowers growing on shelves under the windows. An official in uniform steps forward to start the train in the oddest way. He solemnly toots a little toy horn and away we go, to our amazement. We never fail to watch for the horn "tooter" after this. Once it is a woman who gives the blast.

Our next stop is Bienne, a town on the border between German- and French-speaking districts. It is noted for its watchmaking industry. We ask about the steep car line which leads up the mountain to a watering-place above the town. Someone says it is a "funicular," or cable car line. An iron lever on the car grips a moving cable running between the rails and thus the car is drawn upward. Our guide books mention the museum in Bienne, which has a fine collection of lake-dwelling remains. This is a fine time to learn what lake-dwelling remains may be.

THE LAKE DWELLERS.

Nothing was known of the race of people called Lake-dwellers until about fifty years ago. Then some Swiss

peasants, while digging gardens, stumbled upon the long-buried remains of these people. The Swiss lakes happened to be very low at that time—so low that the peasants were making gardens in the exposed bed of the Lake of Zurich, when they suddenly unearthed a collection of stone ornaments, household utensils, and weapons. They showed these relics to a scientist at Zurich, who was at once much interested. He set scientists to work searching all the lake shores of Switzerland, and thus many more remains were brought to light.

The people who used these weapons and utensils must have lived away back in the early dawn of the world's history. Yet, in all the following ages, the rest of the world had known nothing of their existence. They are called the Lake-dwellers, because the relics were found in the lake beds. We shall find collections of Lake-dwelling remains in many of the Swiss museums.

Some one asks about the beginning of the Swiss Republic. How came the Swiss by a free government without the sign of a king or queen, when all Europe is full of royalty?

THE THREE FOREST CANTONS.

Hundreds and hundreds of years after the Lake-dwellers had disappeared, the Romans took possession of Helvetia (as Switzerland was then called). They built towns, roads and fortifications. Then they gave way to northern tribes, ancestors of the German and the French races.

That part of the country settled by Germans was

considered under the German Emperor. The French cantons (or states) had a variety of rulers. Being shut in by mountains, the people of the German cantons were left a good deal to themselves. So they learned to manage their own affairs and came to love freedom.

Three cantons in particular, lying on the border of Lake Lucerne, clung to their right to govern themselves. They were Uri, Schwyz, and Unterwalden, the "three forest cantons." The men of these cantons were sturdy fighters. When different dukes tried to take away their rights, they formed a league. It was called the League of the Three Forest Cantons. Swiss school children know that the written compact between the members of this league is dated August 1, A. D. 1291. That is the birthday of the Swiss Republic. Its six-hundredth anniversary was celebrated in 1891 by the Swiss people.

Albert I., King of Germany and Duke of Austria, determined to conquer these free mountaineers. He sent Austrian governors to force them to submission. The governors were insolent rulers and so tyrannical that the people bore with them but a short time. Three leaders, one man from each of the forest cantons, met at Rutli to plan rebellion. In a meadow beside Lake Lucerne they joined hands and "swore, under the open canopy of heaven, to live and die in defense of freedom and country." Each man found ten others from his canton who were willing to take the oath. Then they stirred the cantons to revolt.

The story of William Tell belongs to this time. We shall talk of him later.

Albert I. marched against the revolted cantons, but was assassinated on the way. His son, Leopold, led the troops forward. In November, 1315, the Swiss



A VILLAGE STREET.

defeated the Austrians under Leopold in a terrible battle in the Pass of Morgarten.

After that a number of towns and cantons joined

the league of the three forest cantons, and the confederacy came to be called Switzerland, from the name of the canton of Schwyz.

ARNOLD VON WINKELRIED.

The Swiss love their heroes. They tell a story about one named Arnold von Winkelried. Twenty years after the battle of Morgarten, another Duke Leopold tried to conquer the Swiss. He led several thousand of the best Austrian troops into Switzerland.

On the heights of Sempach, to meet them, were stationed only 1,400 Swiss soldiers. The Austrian nobles dismounting, began to surround the little Swiss army. They were just ready to close in, when Arnold von Winkelried, a knight of Unterwalden, resolved to save his country by losing his own life.

"Dear brothers," he cried, "I will make a way for you; take care of my wife and children." Then rushing into the midst of the enemy, he cried, "Make way for liberty."

He fell pierced by countless lances. But his brave dash into the Austrian ranks did make a path for the Swiss. They flung themselves upon the enemy, put them to flight, and saved their little land again for freedom. Every July the Swiss still meet at Sempach to celebrate this victory.

In time the Swiss soldiers became famous as fighters.

Their confederacy was a part of the German Empire, though ruling itself, until 1648. Then its independence was acknowledged. The little republic has had many ups and downs since then, but never (for any length of time) has it wholly lost its freedom.

NEUCHATEL.

We are passing through Neuchatel, a little city full of charm. It rises from the shore of Lake Neuchatel, by a gradual ascent, to the castle on the hill. We look from the car windows and behold the Alps in the blue haze of the distance. They make a ragged line against the sky, where peak on peak may be dimly seen.

Neuchatel is an educational center. In its academy, Agassiz, the noted Swiss scientist, was a teacher. We like to call Agassiz a fellow-countryman, because he spent all the latter part of his life in America. He was Professor of Natural Science in Harvard University, at Cambridge, Massachusetts, but was born in Switzerland, and educated in Swiss and German universities. He made a study of fish, birds, and other animal life, and learned much that was new about glaciers. Ten years he spent in the study of glaciers, part of the time living in a hut built on the Aar Glacier. We shall see that glacier by and by. The Neuchatel museum has copies of all his books, and contains his best scientific collection.

In Neuchatel and the neighboring towns are many manual training and industrial schools, where one may learn to be a teacher, a watchmaker, a vinegrower, a farmer, or whatever his fancy may prompt.

EDUCATION.

Swiss schools rank high among those of all European nations. Education is compulsory. Excellent primary and secondary schools are provided for every district and the school building is often the best build-

ing in the village. Teachers are well trained, as each canton has a Normal School for that purpose. Besides the six famous universities, there are numerous academies, boarding schools, manual training and industrial schools.

The land is full of schools which teach the young people trades and useful occupations; so Swiss workmen are everywhere in demand. Swiss boys go to foreign lands to work as engineers, chemists, dairymen, carpenters, masons, and in endless other ways. Swiss girls leave home and land to go as teachers, governesses, milliners, pastry cooks, and the like. When they earn a competence, back they come to their mountain homes.

Switzerland was the first country to open manual training schools. Gymnastics, hygiene (the care of the health), and singing are important subjects of school work, besides arithmetic, grammar, and the other common branches.

Lunch rooms for children who have far to go, bath rooms, and medical attendance are provided in many Swiss schools. Children have their nature lessons during outdoor excursions with their teachers. Alpenstocks in hand, they climb mountains in search of both health and knowledge.

Most Swiss children know their mother tongue and another language learned either at school or from friends. It is a common custom for Swiss families to exchange children so that they may learn another language. A German family sends one or two children to live for a winter with a French or Italian family, receiving an equal number of French or Italian children in return.

From the age of eight years, schoolboys are instructed in the use of firearms. This is because Switzerland has no standing army, but requires each citizen to serve as a soldier for a certain period. Each year the government holds military examinations and reviews, which all schoolboys must pass.

Swiss children enjoy their school life. Ever since the days of Pestalozzi, a wise and kind teacher, they have had no fear of whippings and harsh treatment. Pestalozzi lived in Zurich and taught poor children, without pay, because he loved them and found that he could help them to grow wise and good. He himself was very poor, but shared his little with the orphans whom he gathered about him.

His best known school was in Yverdon, a town near Neuchatel. There he taught for twenty years, and was often visited by famous men and women who were interested in his methods of education. Children taught by Pestalozzi loved to gain knowledge. They never wearied of his lessons. The books which he wrote about teaching are read all over the civilized world. There is a monument to him in Yverdon.

Another teacher in Pestalozzi's school at Yverdon who afterward won fame, was Froebel. He was a young German, gifted with a wonderful knowledge of child nature. He, too, was poor and had a hard struggle to earn a living, but discovered that he knew how to teach and so worked away, money or no money. He spent two years with Pestalozzi; opened a school near Lucerne; then another for training teachers at Burgdorf, near Berne; and finally returned to Germany, where he died in 1852.

He was the founder of the kindergarten. His great book, "The Education of Man," gives his ideas on education. Kindergarten teachers regard it as the highest authority in their work.

LAUSANNE.

We travel southwest. Our train enters a tunnel. Emerging from its darkness we come into the sunshine of the shore of Lake Lemman—the Lake of Geneva. This city mounting the sides of Monte Jurat is Lausanne. Here we stop for a day or two.

Porters in blue blouses and red caps take our luggage to the hotel on their backs. They carry the heaviest trunks in this fashion, often for long distances. Eager to mingle with the life of the streets, we at once go sight-seeing. We take a cable car ride to the harbor village of Ouchy to see the lovely lake. Coming back to the city, we find ourselves among the booths of the market.



STREET SPRINKLER.

The middle of several steep, crooked streets is filled with little covered stalls, where vegetables, fruits, flowers, baked goods, cheese and butter are heaped

pell-mell, and buying and selling are going on at a tremendous rate. A busy crowd throngs the place. People are talking French so fast that we feel tonguetied with our little stock of phrases.

Let us buy some late cherries of this peasant girl. She looks pretty in her picturesque costume of colored skirt, velvet bodice, and big hat. Swiss girls are seldom pretty—even those of the wealthy class. Lausanne girls are said to be the fairest of all.

Everybody is carrying produce to market or purchases from it, in a long, flat basket, called a hotte. It is strapped to the back, and reaches from neck to knees.

Street sprinklers wander about trying to lay the dust. Long water cans on their backs have a rubber hose attached, which the sprinkler carries in his hand, throwing water in a tiny spray.

College men loiter among the stalls. They wear the little colored caps of the University and smoke long pipes continually. They are jolly young fellows and make the town gay with their frolics and songs. Students come to study at Lausanne from all Europe and America—Russians, French, Dutch, Germans, English. The sons of King Edward of England were educated here.

We pass by the Hotel de Ville, or town hall, a very ancient building and curious in appearance; also the Anchor Inn, where Lord Byron, the English poet, lived while writing his well-known poem, "The Prisoner of Chillon." We shall learn more of the "Prisoner" when we visit the castle of Chillon.

Climbing a long line of wooden steps, we come to



PEASANT GIRL IN COSTUME OF VAUDOISE CANTON

the cathedral, said to be the most beautiful in Switzerland. We pause to admire its rose window, thirty feet in diameter, made of stained glass of marvelous colors. Ascending higher, we reach the Signal above the town, a point from which we see vineyards stretching along the lake shore as far as eye can reach.

The canton of Vaud, of which Lausanne is capital, stands second among the grape-producing cantons of Switzerland. Ticino, south of the Alps, is first, having thirty-two square miles of vineyards. Grapes are grown in all but three cantons of Switzerland—Schwyz, Unterwalden, and Appenzell.

VINEYARDS OF VAUD.

Some of the vineyards in Vaud are eight hundred years old. Of late years new stocks have been widely introduced. French vineyards are so near that the Swiss must work hard to compete with French grape-growers.

The vines are trained to short, upright poles, and are kept close-trimmed in order that the clusters may receive more nourishment. Water is brought to the vines through troughs which lead up the mountains to glacier streams. The work of making and repairing these troughs is difficult, sometimes even causing loss of life, because of the dangerous places over which the troughs must be carried.

Each commune (or county, as we should say) fixes the day on which the gathering of grapes must begin. It is usually about the middle of October. Men, women and children join in the labor. Poor families from mountain villages come, bag and baggage, to live

near the vineyards while helping to harvest the grapes. It seems almost impossible to us that anyone can work on some of these slopes. Often they are as steep as a roof.

The clusters are cut with sharp knives, crushed and carried to the wine presses in tubs. Old-fashioned wine presses are in use. Swiss peasants do not easily adopt new ways of doing things.

An odd custom once existed in these vineyards. Boys who stole grapes were shot in the legs—not with powder, but with salt. How that must have stung! What they do with grape thieves now we do not learn, for we are afraid even to point at a cluster, much less to steal one.

GENEVA.

From Lausanne we speed southwest toward Geneva. We are watching for our first view of Monte Blanc, the King of Alpine peaks. It has been in our minds ever since we left home.

Onward through the sweet, sunny land we fly, with many a vision of far-off peaks. Suddenly, there is a shout, "Monte Blanc! Monte Blanc!" We crowd about the windows. There in the distance towers the snow-crowned monarch—a mighty mass lifting its peak toward heaven. The boys of our party wave their caps with a cheer.

As the sun drops behind the Jura mountains, our train pulls into Geneva. A little French and some money settle matters with the red-capped porters. They will carry our luggage to the hotel. A cab will carry us.

We roll along wide streets, over superb bridges

which span the Rhone River, past massive buildings, and through open squares adorned with statues. What a gay city, we say, our heads bobbing this way and that in our efforts to see everything at once. Geneva is called the Paris of Switzerland.



CHAMOUNI AND MONT BLANC.

Our hotel faces the granite quays along the lake. It is a large, cream-colored building. The quays are bordered by a row of hotels colored this same yellowish white. The windows of our rooms look directly upon

the water. Almost beneath them, the river Rhone issues from the lake with a current swift and powerful.

We dress with care for dinner, for there is much display of fine toilettes in the Geneva hotels of an evening. A chatter of French greets us in the dining-room. The waiters, however, speak to us in English.



GENEVA.

They seem to know many languages. In this country of three races it is easy to learn foreign tongues. Pure French is spoken in Geneva. For that reason, we shall find many American and English people living here to learn the language. It is cheaper than to live in Paris.

We go to the opera house to hear the music. This takes us through the brilliantly-lighted streets. Geneva uses the power of the Rhone current to make its electric lights—just as the city of Buffalo uses the power of Niagara Falls to make its electric lights.

The streets are thronged with people from all Europe. String bands play before the cafes. Music sounds from the parks, the shops, the open windows of stately houses. Everything wears a holiday air.

Next morning we slip out to a stone pier in the harbor. It commands a view of the lake and town. How pure the atmosphere! How crystal clear the water of the lake! People say that this smiling lake sometimes misbehaves, tossing about in anger. We cannot believe it. The English poet, Byron, called it "beautiful as a dream." The water is wonderfully transparent and objects can be seen at a depth of over 80 feet. Owing to this depth it never freezes over. Geneva is the largest lake in Switzerland, having an area of 84 square miles.

To us the white peak beyond the lake is also beautiful. Monte Blanc is forty miles from Geneva. Although it is really in Italy, the Swiss claim it as part of their scenery, because it is best seen from the Swiss side.

We turn our eyes toward the town. The lake shore is in the form of a crescent, with a park along its inner circle—the Jardin Anglais. On either side the park, hotels and pensions front the lake. Their brilliant cream color makes a fine contrast with the blue of sky and water. Beyond park and hotels, the city rises in a pile around the cathedral. Far in the west the hills make a dark line against the sky.

On the lake, steamboats with sweet-toned bells ringing in their bows cut the blue water. They leave a trail of white foam behind them. Heavy barges loaded with stone drift past. Their curious lateen-sails make us think of old fashioned windmills.

Looking down the river we see a vista of bridges.



WASHERWOMEN OF GENEVA.

The Rhone divides the city into two sections. We stroll along its banks and come upon some queer-looking houses floating on the water. They belong to the Genevese washerwomen. Already the owners are at work with their soiled linen spread on boards

in front of them. They are soaping, pounding, and gossiping in great comfort. We have many times seen people washing in rivers since we came to Europe. It seems odd to us, but why not? It saves carrying water and emptying tubs.

We climb steep old streets to the ancient quarter of the town. We are going to the cathedral of St. Peter. This building is we know not how old, and parts of two older churches have been discovered beneath it. Here preached John Calvin, the great Protestant divine. Calvin was a French Catholic priest who in early manhood left his church to become a Protestant preacher. He was invited to Geneva, which was then a strict Protestant city. During the Reformation it was called the "Protestant Rome." Calvin's name is closely associated with the history of Geneva. He was one of its greatest citizens. We sit in Calvin's chair, which has a place of honor in front of the pulpit. Sundays there is wonderful music in this old church—solemn chants and chorals which echo back from the vaulted ceiling, while the great organ plays with power. We shall hear about all this later.

Leaving the cathedral we wander about ancient little streets with terrible names. The Street of Purgatory is one. The houses are hundreds of years old. They look dark and evil, to match the names of the streets.

On the hill we pass fine old mansions. They are the homes of Geneva's aristocracy. The dwellings date back to a remote past when the town was passing through stirring scenes. Geneva has been the home of many distinguished people, the battleground of many bloody struggles.

Last of all we make the rounds of the shops. Geneva has a population of 104,044. It is the third largest city in Switzerland. The people are a busy folk. They make watches and clocks, jewelry, music boxes and electrical appliances. In some respects there are no finer shops in all Europe than in Geneva.

The music boxes attract us. They are made in every manner of form and size, and are worked like clocks to play tunes. We admire a great orchestrion which sounds like a pipe organ. Then we listen in astonishment to a tune played by a match box. A little wooden bird trills at us from its cage. We pick up a hand mirror, which immediately begins to jingle the strains of a Sunday-school song. We admire an album, and the shop-keeper sets it to playing an air from an opera. Clocks, snuff-boxes, foot-stools—all play airs, to our amazement.

We say, "Well, let us sit down and get used to these surprises." Straightway, the chair under us begins to play "America." The workmanship on these boxes is of the finest. We buy a number of them and go tinkling and jingling down the street to look at the watches.

Geneva has made watches for over two hundred years. They are beautiful in design. We buy one as a souvenir, although Americans and English no longer need buy Swiss watches. Our own factories supply us.

The canton of Neuchatel is the real center of Swiss watchmaking. Nearly every village in the canton is engaged in this industry. Some of the work is done in factories; more is done in the workers' homes. Often the peasants of this and neighboring cantons

turn to watch and clock making as an evening employment. Thus they add to the slender incomes from their farms.

Geneva is proud of its schools. The University draws students from Europe and America. More students attend it than any other Swiss university. It was founded by John Calvin. Women as well as men are admitted to its courses of study. The Conservatory of Music has an international reputation.

The Swiss Housekeeping School for Girls proves a delightful place to visit. It was founded by the Government, and its tuition is free. Its object is to teach young girls housework and habits of order and economy. The girls learn, as well, French, German, commercial geography, accounts, and the laws of health, or hygiene. The housekeeping lessons occupy a little more than half their time.

In the school kitchen we find about two dozen girls getting luncheon. It is a large, conveniently arranged room. Two ranges, long tables, plenty of utensils hung within easy reach, make work seem like play.

The girls, in immaculate aprons, with sleeves tucked up, fly about happy as larks. One hands us their luncheon menu. It is printed in French. They are to have omelette, creamed potatoes, a wonderful salad, rolls, and another dish. We cannot translate its name.

The bright little cooking-teacher shows us the refrigerator, storeroom, and dining-room. Everything is spotlessly clean. The girls are taught marketing, she says. They learn to buy so that there will be no waste. This luncheon will cost but five cents apiece.

The class in ironing takes our fancy. Muslin gar-

ments are being smoothed so deftly and daintily that the girls in our party want to join the class. Such beautiful work does make ironing seem a most fascinating occupation.

Here is a class in cutting. The girls are learning to cut a sleeve. Another group is learning to darn. Mending, cleaning, making beds, sweeping—the girls learn to do all in the very best way. It is a delightful school.

Geneva has several museums. Its library was founded hundreds of years ago by Bonivard, a patriot and reformer. We shall learn more of him later on.

Sunday is a gay holiday in Geneva—Geneva, with its strict Calvinistic bringing-up! We go to morning service at the cathedral. Crowds of people attend to hear the music. Services are held also in the English and the American churches. The Young Men's Christian Association has a religious meeting, and a Salvation Army band sings at street corners. This seems like home. But the throngs are out for a good time.

People crowd parks, cafes, steamboats, and Kursaal. The Kursaal is a garden, music-hall and restaurant combined. People sit at tables under trees, eating, drinking, and listening to music. The waitresses fly about rapidly.

In the evening the orchestra plays in the Jardin Anglais. We sit under the trees and think surely here is Fairy Land. On the lake every manner of little boat and craft is afloat. Chinese lanterns, like fireflies, gleam all over them. The fountain in the lake begins to play. Its spray is forced upward over two hundred feet by the power of the Rhone current. Electric lights

throw ever-changing colors upon its leaping waters. The lake reflects thousands of lights.

THE SHORES OF LAKE GENEVA.

We take the steamboat at Geneva and circle around the lake past Lausanne to the towns and resorts along the eastern shore. A band on board plays, while we sit under the deck awning and enjoy the scenes passing before us.

Railroads, carriage roads, electric car lines, and foot-paths connect the villages on this eastern shore. It is a tourist-haunted region. There stretch the terraced vineyards of Vaud, acres on acres of them. Here masses of foliage bank the hills where chalets, villas, and castles rise. Villages straggle along the shore in irregular lines. We see sailboats making for them, their queer-shaped canvases spread wide. They are carrying cabbages, potatoes, cauliflower, chestnuts, bundles of hay, and wild mountain fruits to the markets.

At a convenient point we land and take to the foot-path which leads under shady trees, through cool, green nooks, to the Castle of Chillon.

THE CASTLE OF CHILLON.

The castle stands by the water side, where its square towers with narrow slits of windows show above the tree tops. We think of the thousands of prisoners who have perished within those walls, as we cross the bridge to its entrance.

Chillon has a long history. Its history dates back to the Roman occupation, or beyond it, for a prison seems always to have stood on this spot.

The most widely-known prisoner of Chillon was Bonivard, the founder of the library in Geneva. It was of him that Lord Byron wrote while living at the Anchor Inn of Lausanne.

Bonivard was a Genevese gentleman of high birth—a Protestant and patriot, when his native city was



CASTLE OF CHILLON.

trying to free itself from Catholic rule. He fought boldly against the enemies of Geneva and was thrown into the Castle of Chillon. There he was confined for six weary years. The last four years he was imprisoned in an underground vault lower than the lake. He

was fastened to a stone pillar by an iron chain four feet long, so that he could walk only within a narrow circle. He made no outcry, but paced to and fro over the stone floor, until he wore a little path in it. We see the path and on the pillar the names of Lord Byron and of several other distinguished people who have visited the vault.

At last Bonivard was set free by the people of Berne and of Geneva. Together they stormed the castle, both by land and sea, took it, and rushing into the prisoner's vault broke his chain, shouting joyfully that he was free—he, and Geneva too, for the long struggle had been won.

The castle has five subterranean (meaning underground) vaults. Above we enter the Hall of Justice and the Chamber of Tortures, where prisoners were put to the rack. We see the pits, now filled, which led down to the lake and through which prisoners were hurled into the water. The castle is no longer a prison. Its only occupants now are the guards who show the place to visitors.

FESTIVAL OF THE VINTAGE.

Near Chillon is the town of Vevay. It is the grape-culture center of the canton of Vaud. Every fifteen years or more a beautiful festival is held at Vevay, which attracts visitors from all the world. It ranks with the great German "Passion Play," although it is not a religious festival as is the Passion Play.

How we regret that we cannot see the Festival of the Vintage! The last one was held in August, 1889. Perhaps another one will be given in 1904. The last

one continued five days. The performance consists of fancy dances, chorus singing, processions, and pantomimes. Only the people of Vevay take part in the programme, being trained for months beforehand. Appropriate costumes and the best of music are provided.

An immense open-air amphitheater was built for the festival of 1889. On three sides of it rows of seats rose one above the other, making room for visitors. An arched entrance for the performers occupied the fourth side, with the mountains far beyond Vevay forming a natural background. Of the thousands of visitors who came, many were turned away for lack of room. Seats sold at fabulous prices.

The festival opens with a magnificent procession. A boom of cannon followed by band music announces its coming to the audience. First appears a body of Swiss troops in national costume, carrying ancient weapons. Following them is a guild of wine-growers, with their leader ahead holding a cross on high. The members of the guild are in the uniforms of their order.

Then, amid loud cheers from the audience, "Spring and her Train" enter. Spring is represented by little children dressed as fairies, bearing garlands of flowers and dancing. Spring's train is a long line of shepherds and shepherdesses leading goats, mowers with scythes, gardeners with flowers, and herdsmen and dairy-maids leading dappled cows. All are in gay costume, and perform in imitation of their real duties.

Summer and her train follow. Haymakers, gleaners and threshers, with forks, sheaves and flails, go through the motions of raking, gleaning and threshing.

Autumn's train is the important feature of the procession, being the vintagers themselves. They dance around Bacchus (the god of wine), who rides in a gorgeous chariot. The gathering of grapes and the working of wine presses is all done in pantomime.

The effect of the rhythmic movements, music, colors of costumes and flowers is dazzling. At the last, all join in singing the herdsman's song and other national airs. Each festival differs from the others, but the programme always has the processions of the seasons in some form.

AN ALPINE POST RIDE.

We go to Chamounix, a village noted for its position opposite Monte Blanc. It is in a high valley, encircled by mountains, where glaciers and snowy peaks add grandeur to the view. A railroad goes from Geneva to Chamounix, but we take the diligence, or post, from the Rhone valley, arranging to take the last stage of the journey on mules. This will enable us to see the mountains.

The post is a huge coach, drawn by four horses. It carries both mail and passengers. The old-fashioned coaches are yellow. They have seats inside and high at the back for passengers, and one up in front, where the postilion sits. We start in the early morning, with a clatter of hoofs and cracking of whips delightful to hear. A little procession of omnibuses and carriages follows us, containing tourists who were too late to get seats in the post.

We go bowling over the smooth road at a great pace, overtaking all manner of vehicles. Here go a party of tourists on mules. They travel slowly, because these

mountain mules do as they choose, caring nothing for prods of the whip. Bicycle riders fly past, with knapsacks strapped to their handle bars. An automobile overtakes us, filled with merry-makers who are tooting horns and trying to *yodel* like herdsmen. The yodel is a cry used by Swiss herdsmen to call their cattle.

Alas! we cannot see the Alps. The morning is too misty. That is the way the weather treats mountain



THE DILIGENCE.

sightseers sometimes. It just pulls a mist veil over the mountains' heads, and, for all we can see, there is nothing but level land all around.

We dash into villages with a fine flourish, bringing up in their squares to leave the mail. The postmistress rushes out, the girls at the fountain stare, and a little boy comes leading a goat in great haste.

Will we have a drink of milk? he asks.

He milks the goat for us, a cupful at a time, and we drink the liquid—not because we like it, but because we want to try everything. A fellow-passenger tells us that she has been staying at a “milk cure” in the mountains.

SWISS “CURES.”

Invalids go to “milk cures” to drink goats’ milk as a cure for many diseases. They train themselves to drink several pints of fresh, warm milk daily.

Another passenger speaks of the “grape cure” near Vevay. Invalids at this cure eat all the grapes they can swallow, between certain hours of each day. They think such treatment is good for consumption, rheumatism and the like. She tells us that there is another Swiss “cure” still more remarkable.

It is the hot baths at Leuk, where sick folks sit in tanks of hot water which is up to their necks, eight or nine hours daily. Dozens of them sit in the same tank, talking, playing games on little floating tables, or reading. It is a funny sight, she says, to see only heads grouped around the floating tables.

VILLAGES.

Variety is the spice of Swiss life. No two cantons are alike, and no two villages. The differences of language, race, religion, and costume, make each little community like nothing but itself.

We pass through a charming village. It looks as if ready for a photographer’s snap shot, so flowery and smiling are its chalets. As in all towns, a fountain has the place of honor in the middle of the square.

Leading from the square, cobble-stone streets zig-zag among the houses. A church, a school house, a "drink hall" and a court house with an old clock tower are the more prominent buildings.

The dwellings have the usual whitewashed basements and broad, low roofs, the shingles of which are



AN ALPINE VILLAGE.

held on by stones. Terrific winds blow down the mountains at times. So the stones are necessary. The houses are from one to three stories high, each story generally sheltering a different family. The best houses have the name of the builder, the date when

built, and a motto or scripture text burned into the wood over the door. Some have painted wooden shutters over the windows, some have their stairways outside, and some are quite fine with tile roofs and carved wood decorations.

The bedding seems forever airing on the balconies or in the front windows. We should want to air the whole interior ourselves, if we had the stables built under our own roofs (as they do) and a manure heap at hand. Every house has this manure heap. The manure is gathered from stables and road—a fact which explains the clean roads. We pass women and children, with baskets, gathering it from the highway. They pile the heaps in layers, with straw between, and braid the edges of the straw—perhaps to make it look handsome!

But the flower gardens atone for the manure heaps. Seldom may one see such roses, violets, geraniums and asters as grow in pots on the balconies, on shelves under the windows, or in plots by the roadside. We see few of the picturesque costumes of which we have heard and read. The women folk wear blue homespun, the men blue working blouses and loose trousers. We search the faces of the girls at the fountains, where they are cleaning vegetables. Not one pretty face do we see. But they are intelligent faces—bright and wholesome. The fountain is the social center of the village. The family washing is done here, about three or four times a year. That means that the Swiss housewife has a bountiful supply of linen. To wash every week looks as if one had but few clothes, they say.

There is always someone in the square ready to sell

us things while the post horses are being watered. They offer us tiny baskets of mountain fruit, nuts, flowers, mountain minerals, carved wooden toys in the form of little chalets which, when opened, prove to be needle-boxes, picture postal cards, and photographs of the scenery. One little girl offers us a bunch of edelweiss.

This velvety white flower is much in demand with travelers, because it is so hard to find. It grows in very high altitudes, amid the snow, and usually on some crag or brink of a precipice. The blossom is a close cluster of flower heads within a circle of leaves. It is somewhat like our own "everlasting." All other Alpine flowers are exceedingly brilliant in color. The edelweiss alone is white.

So far, we have missed the fine scenery. It is now time to leave the post and mount our mules. Suddenly—in an instant, it seems—the clouds lift. There are the mountains! We look at their great masses, rising height on height, and say no word, feeling very small and worthless in the presence of works so great.

OVER THE MOUNTAINS.

We start up the mountain, clinging to our mules, with faith in their skill as climbers. Soon we are in the midst of scenes of terrible grandeur. Peaks white with the snow of ages shine above banks of white cloud. We ride toward them along a narrow path where precipices rise sheer on one side and chasms yawn on the other. Mountain torrents plunge down the ravines, leaping over stones with a roar. Granite rocks overhang the way, looking as if they would fall upon us.

The road leads around sharp turns, which take our breath by their suddenness. We look ahead and see it entering a tunnel cut in the rocks, or winding above us in places we are positive we cannot reach.

These great and awful mountains make us tremble, but the guide smiles at our fears. The danger is



A MOUNTAIN CHALET.
(Peasant Hut)

nothing to him; neither is it anything to our mules. We hired the mules, hoping to get into dangerous places. Being in the mountains, danger is what we looked for; but we were not expecting to feel quite so dizzy. Our mules step out recklessly to the very edge of a precipice and amble along, as cool as you please. If one side of the road is more dangerous than

the other, they choose the more dangerous side. Perhaps they are trying to give us our money's worth of dizziness, but we feel that we are getting more than we paid for.

When we reach Chamounix, the top of Mont Blanc is aglow from the setting sun. As we stand on the hotel piazza and gaze in wonder, the snow on the summit of the peak gradually changes color—from blood red fading softly to palest pink. As darkness comes upon our valley, the pink turns gray. Long before the sun has set in the lower valleys, we Chamounix people are eating dinner by electric light—so short are the days when mountains wall us in.

Monte Blanc does not stand a solitary peak rising from level ground. All about it are mountains and peaks, some of which look even higher than it. It is fairly covered with glaciers. Sixty-four of them drain from Monte Blanc into the valley of Chamounix. Many of them may be seen from the heights around the village.

GLACIERS.

There are no less than four hundred glaciers in the Alps. They average from sixteen to eighteen miles in length, from one to two miles in width, and from one hundred to one thousand feet in depth. Their entire surface is about one thousand square miles. They are formed near the line of perpetual snow: that is, from eight thousand to nine thousand feet above sea level.

At that height more snow falls each year than can be melted. Thus a great mass is formed, which melts and freezes a little each day. The alternate melting and freezing, and the great weight of the mass, turn the lower layers to ice.

Then the ice begins to creep down the mountain, traveling less than a foot a day. So vast is the glacier

that it creeps as far down as the grain fields and forests without melting. We think it a strange sight—these great rivers of ice, with flowers blooming and grain waving along their sides.

As the glacier moves downward, huge masses of sand, stones, and great rocks, fall upon it, sink, and



A MOUNTAIN SHRINE.

cling to its under surface. These are dragged along, cutting great grooves in the rocky surface of the earth, or hollowing out basins in the soil. The basins fill with water and form lakes. The beds of all Swiss lakes were made by glaciers ages ago.

When a glacier reaches the warm lower slopes, it melts and flows away to form riv-

ers. The load of rocks which it carries is dropped at the melting end in heaps, called *terminal moraines*. Sometimes the terminal moraines are one hundred and fifty or two hundred feet high.

Masses of rock dropped along the side of a glacier are called *lateral moraines*. Those in the middle,

formed by two glaciers uniting, are called *medial moraines*.

The surface of glaciers is rough and billowy, and broken by great cracks, called crevasses—hundreds of feet wide, and a thousand or more feet deep. In some places the surface looks as if it had been blown up by an explosion. Blocks of ice are heaped one upon another in confusion.

When an immense rock falls upon the glacier, it keeps the ice beneath it from melting, by shading it from the sun. The surrounding surface gradually melts, leaving the rock upon a slowly rising table of ice. This is called a “glacier table.” When the weight of the rock becomes too great, the table breaks, and its load, falling again upon the surface, starts to rise on a new table.

CLIMBING THE MER DE GLACE.

We hire a guide, and prepare to climb the Mer de Glace glacier. Its name means “sea of ice.” We buy smoked glasses to protect our eyes from the glare of the snow, thick hobnailed shoes, and alpenstocks. The latter are long poles tipped with iron points, and having tops of chamois horn. They will help us to keep our footing in slippery places, or leap clefts in the ice. We wear warm clothing and carry lunches and wraps in knapsacks strapped to our backs.

The Mer de Glace is the best known glacier on Mont Blanc. It has been called the Glacier of the American Girl, because it is the least difficult to ascend of all Swiss glaciers. American girls are said to dislike hard climbing. To us it looks very difficult, but our guide knows the way.

. . . .

He has a rope, with which he ties us all together, single file. By keeping the rope stretched tight between each two of us, we can hold back any of our number who slips. Where the walking is difficult, the guide cuts steps in the ice with his ax. Less timid climbers

ascend this glacier with neither ropes nor guides to aid them.

We tread carefully, for we go where cracks open so deep that we dare not look to the bottom. Water trickles over the surface, making it slippery. Loose stones lie ready to trip us on slopes where, once being started, we should slide downward to destruction. Torrents roar beneath the glacier.

We see them at the

bottom of deep ravines in the ice. The guide tells of people who have fallen into these icy depths and made their way out by following the stream through its cavern.

Proud of our success in climbing, on our return we



THE MER DE GLACE.

have the shopkeeper at Chamounix burn the name "Mer de Glace" into the handles of our alpenstocks. Skilled climbers have their alpenstocks covered with the names of mountains which they have ascended. We should like to climb Mont Blanc, but find that it takes three days, besides costing each person from fifty to one hundred dollars for guides, porters and provisions.

Only within the last century or so have people dared to scale the highest Alpine peaks. Then men began to make their way to the tops, peak by peak—with hairbreadth escapes or fatal accidents in every case.

THE FIRST ASCENT OF MONT BLANC.

In 1786, a naturalist of Geneva, named DeSaussure, offered a large reward to the first man who should reach the top of Mont Blanc. Balmat, a strong, young chamois-hunter, determined to win the prize. He spent weeks studying every path up the mountain. Once he was in the snow of the upper heights for three nights, only to be driven back unsuccessful.

After many defeats, he set out in a last effort to reach the top. A physician, named Paccard, went with him. They left Chamounix after dark that no one might see them and, after resting on the mountain until two o'clock in the morning, began to climb. The people of Chamounix watched them through telescopes, as they made their way up the difficult slopes. They had a hard struggle to advance. A deep, deep abyss could be crossed only by creeping over a narrow bridge of rock, or they must cut steps up a precipice of ice; or must climb a wall of rock by clinging to twigs, in

danger of falling any instant into ravines a thousand feet deep. The icy wind nearly froze them.

At length Dr. Paccard gave out; he could not go a step farther. Balmat left him in the snow and struggled on. Presently he came to a high point. He tells this story:

"I was walking with my head bowed down; but perceiving that I was upon a point which I did not recognize, I raised my head and saw that I had at length reached the summit of Mont Blanc. Then I turned my eyes about me, trembling lest I had deceived myself and should find some new point, for I should not have the strength to climb it. The joints of my legs seemed held together only by my trousers. But no! no! I was at the end of my journey. I had arrived where no one had been before, not even the eagle and the chamois. I was the King of Mont Blanc."

He went back to Paccard and led him to the summit. After spending another night on the mountain, they returned to Chamounix.

Many people now make the ascent every summer. There is a little observatory on top built pyramid shape. It stands on a foundation of snow and is heated and furnished. Small parties may stay there two or three days, if they wish. Breathing is not easy in the thin air of that altitude. Nor can one boil water, if he wants a cup of coffee, because the pressure of the air is too light.

A monument in memory of Balmat's ascent stands in the square at Chamounix. It represents De Saussure and Balmat standing with their faces toward Mont Blanc. Balmat is pointing toward the summit.

CHAMOIS.

While climbing about the mountains, we see our first chamois. It is a tame one, led by a boy. Wild chamois are disappearing from the mountains, driven out by hunters or by the railroads. Some are still found around Berne and in the southeastern cantons.

The chamois belongs to the antelope family, but looks like a goat. Its shoulders are two feet above the

THE CHAMOIS ($\frac{1}{2}$ nat. size).

ground; the length of its body, about three and one-half feet. Its body is covered with long, fawn-colored hair which turns dark brown in winter.

Chasms from sixteen to eighteen feet wide are leaped by these agile creatures as easily as we step across a ditch. They skip about the ledges of high mountains or climb down the face of a rocky precipice where no man could follow. Their fore feet are close together, with hoofs shaped for climbing the hard, uneven surfaces. Chamois hunters must be nimble climbers, and wary, to keep up with their game. The only way to get a shot at one is for a party of hunters to surround the mountain, creep up its sides cautiously, and surprise the herd—if herd there be. For the most part they do not dwell in herds.

In summer they retreat to the tops of mountains, where snow lies, for they like cold weather. Shrubs, flowers and twigs are their food, which they season by licking salt from the rocks. In our higher excursions we come upon rocks hollowed out by the frequent licking of chamois. They seldom drink water.

The senses of smell and of hearing are keen. They can scent tracks made in the snow, even when partly covered. A sound reaches them from a remarkable distance. When any suspicious object attracts their attention, they stand perfectly still, gazing directly at it, their heads high and nostrils quivering.

They and the eagles are the highest dwellers of the Alps. The marmot, red and white foxes, Alpine hare, and wild goats are occasionally found. But severe winters have almost entirely robbed the mountains of animal life.

THE SUMMER PASTURES AND HERDSMEN'S HOMES.

Once, when climbing a mountain, we come out upon the flowery summer pastures—the alps, green and

fragrant. We hear the tinkle of cow bells mingling with the sound of alphorn and the herdsman's yodel, and stop at a cowherd's chalet to rest and look about us.

Every spring, when the snow begins to melt from these high pastures, the cattle are brought here from their winter stalls in the villages. They begin at the lower alps, ascending higher, from time to time, as the summer passes. In July they reach the highest pastures, away above tree line, where they spend from six to eight weeks. After that they descend, a pasture at a time, to feed on the later growth of grass.

The departure for the alps in the spring is a time of general rejoicing in the villages. Herdsmen, milkmaids, and at times whole families, go with the cows, goats and sheep, carrying along the needful household goods for their summer chalets. All the village turns out to accompany the procession part way up the mountains, singing, yodelling, and making merry. There is the same rejoicing at their return in the fall.

The cowherd's chalet where we rest is a rude log hut built on a slope, with lofty mountains around it and broad snowfields sending a breath of cold air across its waving grass. Little furniture adorns the chalet—a rude bunk in the corner with a bunch of hay for a bed, a board table, bench, and stove whereon is a huge kettle. We watch the cowherd's wife make cheese.

CHEESE MAKING.

First, she heats the milk in the great cauldron. Then rennet is added to curdle it, after which the mixture is allowed to stand from twenty to thirty minutes.

Then she skims it, stirs and stirs it with a wooden ladle, and lets it boil. The whey is strained off for the pigs, the curds put in the cheese press, and everything scrubbed clean for the next cheese-making. The cheeses have to be turned and rubbed with salt daily. The best Swiss cheeses come from Gruyere, a little valley southwest of Berne.

We gather handfuls of flowers of the most vivid colors and sweetest fragrance. There are deep, deep blue violets, gentians, forget-me-nots, purple pansies, glorious chrysanthemums, and red—blood red—Alpine roses. Nowhere else in the world can one find more brilliant, fragrant flowers than on these Swiss Alps.

Life on the summer pastures is hard, but wholesome, for the air is sweet and pure, and the life an outdoor one. The herdsmen's fare is plain and nourishing—cheese, curds, rye bread with the sweetest of butter, dried or fresh fruits, and coffee made with milk. Meat is a rare article of diet with the average Swiss family, whether in the villages or on the pastures.

We admire the beautiful cows, sleek and mild-eyed. Their bells are tuned to harmonize in tone, the largest bell belonging to the leader of the herd, while the heifers have small ones with a tiny tinkle. Sets of these cow bells cost from fifty to sixty dollars. At evening time the cows answer to their herdsmen's yodel and alphorn, and come trooping to be milked. Herdsmen and milkmaids have their little one-legged milking stools strapped on, so that their hands may be free to carry the pails.

Goats and sheep feed on less fertile pastures. They are able to nibble among rocks and thistles on more

barren slopes; for, you see, neither a goat nor a sheep has any such social position as a cow.

The alphorns are wooden tubes, from six to eight feet long. A blast from one of them wakes the echoes for miles around. As night falls, they can be heard far down in the valleys, giving the herdsmen's good night.

As the sun sets, the herdsman on the loftiest height puts his lips to the tube and calls loudly, "Praise the Lord God!"

Alphorns below take up the words, repeating them from mountain to mountain. When all have ceased, the solitary herdsman high above them again sounds his horn, "Good night, good night!"

"Good night!" echo the horns from remote alps. Then darkness falls, and the herdsmen's night of rest begins.

THE ST. BERNARD HOSPICE.

The Great St. Bernard is a Pass through the mountains east of the Mont Blanc group of peaks. At the summit of the Pass is the St. Bernard hospice—a combination of monastery and shelter house. Ten or twelve monks stay there all winter, to give aid to benighted travelers obliged to cross the Pass. So severe are the winter snows in this desolate region that many are lost in drifts, or overcome by the cold. These the monks strive to find and save. In summer time thousands of tourists visit the hospice.

Nine hundred years ago—and over—the hospice was founded by a monk named St. Bernard. In all the centuries since, many lives have been saved by the good brothers, who stay there for that sole reason.

We have seen in story books pictures of the St.

Bernard dogs, with flasks of brandy strapped to their necks, hunting in snow drifts for lost people. We are eager to visit the monks, see their dogs, and hear tales of their wonderful rescues of travelers.

At a village near the entrance to the Pass we mount mules. There is a carriage road to the hospice, built in recent years. However, we prefer to ride mules. If we should get lost in a snow drift and be found by the dogs, that would just suit us. It would be like the story-book pictures. But as it is an August afternoon, there is little hope of such an adventure.

As we ascend the Pass, the air grows keen. Higher and higher we go, like the boy in Longfellow's "Excelsior." Have you read that poem? Presently we mount beyond tree line. At a certain altitude trees cease to grow. We are on a bare, rocky height. Patches of snow appear.

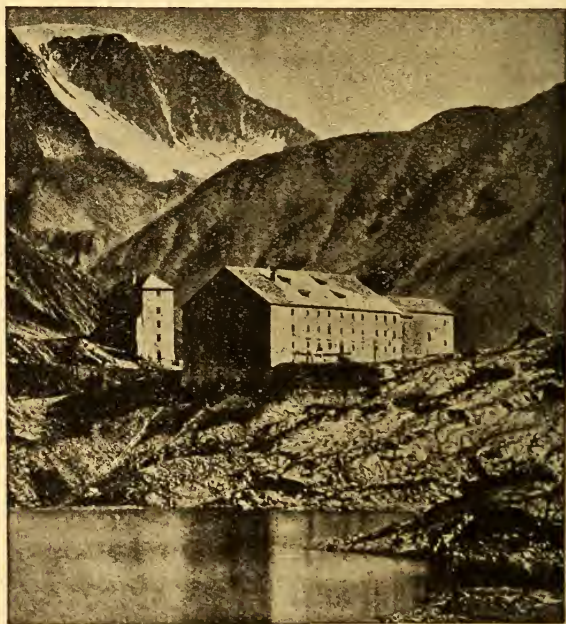
A light snow actually begins to fall. This is fun! We dismount to pick flowers—here a daisy, there an Alpine rose, growing close to patches of snow. Some find deep blue forget-me-nots—only a few. The Alpine rose is most beautiful. It is a kind of rhododendron. But we must hasten forward.

The journey grows more difficult. Night is coming on, and we are tired, cold and hungry. We no longer wish to be lost. Now the hospice may be seen through the flying snow. It is a welcome sight.

Two great prison-like buildings stand beside a dark lake, with mountains looming round about them. The hospice is over eight thousand feet above sea level.

A young monk greets us cordially at the door and

leads us to the sitting room, where a fire blazes on the hearth. The room is filling with arriving tourists, whose talking makes a cheerful buzz of voices. Several distinguished people are present. Plenty of plain folk like ourselves are there as well. All are pleasant and companionable.



ST BERNARD HOSPICE.

Down a long corridor (with doors opening from it on either side, as if to prison cells) we go to our rooms. They are neat, but bare—no carpets and no fires. The monks cut their wood and bring it up the Pass with much difficulty. So they have to be sparing of fires in summer. Winters here last eight months of the year.

At seven o'clock we descend to the refectory (dining-room) for dinner. Here there is light, warmth and cheer. New parties of tourists keep coming in as we eat. The dinner is excellent. So are our appetites.

The brothers themselves assist in waiting on the tables. They are clad in black cloth habits, which button close in front and reach to the feet. A white band, passing around the neck and down the front, is fastened behind to the girdle.

Father B. tells us that sixty guests have arrived this evening. All are received without question, and entertained free. The winter travelers are poor peasants, who can pay nothing. Summer guests may, if they wish, put money in the alms box of the chapel. We determine to place there enough to pay for our entertainment. Sometimes tourists fail to do this—a great wrong to the generous monks.

Where do they put so many guests? The hospice has about eighty beds, says Father B. They tuck people away somehow. Some summers they have had as many as five hundred at a time. Think of feeding such an army!

Many distinguished people have spent a night at the hospice. We are shown the room where Napoleon, the French General, slept.

The monks lead a busy life. They are young men, none over thirty-three years of age. Only the strongest ones are chosen to stay here through the winter. Even then, the cold and hard life make invalids of some, forcing them to return to the valleys.

Summers, they look after the house and guests, care for the animals, and cut fuel. In winter storms they

go daily about the paths looking for lost travelers. The dogs are their faithful assistants in these searches.

A telephone connects the hospice with villages at either end of the Pass. Since it was put in, fewer accidents have occurred. People now ask the monks about the weather before setting out to cross the Pass. Still, a winter never passes without accidents, often fatal ones.

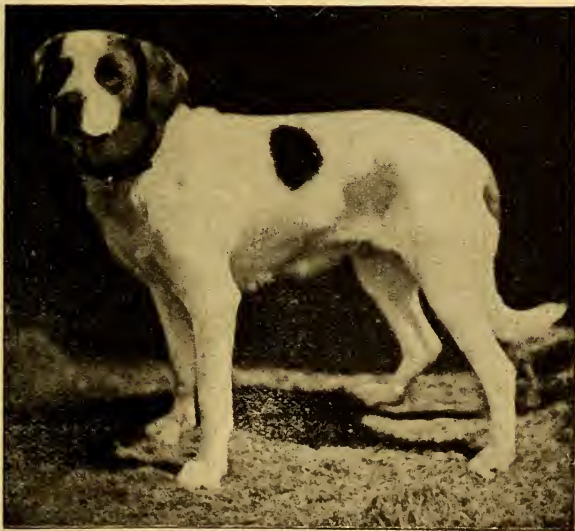
We pass a pleasant evening around the sitting-room fire. There is music, and conversation in spite of the mixture of languages. The monks speak French and Italian. They tell interesting tales of their dogs. One story is of a dog which saved forty lives.

Before daybreak, next morning, we slip down in answer to the chapel bell and find the monks and servants at prayers, kneeling on the stone floor of the cold and gloomy chapel. These noble, devoted men give themselves few comforts.

We visit the dead house, a stone building near by. Here are kept the bodies of the unclaimed dead found by the dogs. Some have been there many, many years. The bodies are dressed just as they were found, and are propped about the room in every manner of fantastic attitude. In this cold, dry air, they do not decay, but crumble away by bits.

The dogs leap and frisk as we approach the kennels. They are the finest fellows we have seen in the dog walk in life. They have shorter, less curly hair than St. Bernard dogs seen elsewhere. The original stock came from Spain. Their heads are large, limbs strong, and eyes so intelligent that we easily believe the stories told of their brave rescues.

On stormy days they are impatient to be off on a search. Sometimes the snowdrifts are forty feet high, so that only a dog could find anyone buried in them. The dogs go in company with two skilled guides who are sent daily, one in either direction, to keep the paths clear and help anyone in distress. When the faithful animals find a traveler buried in the snow, they dig



ST. BERNARD DOG.

him out and hurry away to bring assistance. One dog returned to the hospice with a little boy on his back. The child was just able to cling to his rescuer.

We breakfast with our fellow tourists in the refectory—a simple meal of rolls and coffee. Then we bid the monks a grateful farewell and start down the Pass, once more to enter the world of railroads. Everyone loves and reverences the monks of St. Bernard. They

live hard lives, labor constantly for others, and die unknown to the world. Thinking of their unselfish lives, we resolve to live more nobly ourselves in the days to come.

BERNE.

Berne, the capital of the Republic, is one of the handsomest cities of Europe. Many travelers visit it yearly to enjoy its beautiful scenery. The city is built upon a high promontory, one hundred feet above the river Aar. From here may be seen the mountains of the Bernese Alps, shining white and serene in the distance.

Over seven hundred years ago this city was founded by a German Duke as a military stronghold. The story is that the Duke decided to name his town after the first wild beast caught in the forest. A bear was caught. So the name Berne, which means bear, was given to the place.

The bear is the city's emblem, and for centuries bears have been kept at the public expense. This animal figures on coins, sign posts, public buildings, and in many other places.

Berne is decorated with bears—live bears, stone bears, wooden bears and painted bears. We first visit the bear pit to see the live ones. They are rolling about in lazy comfort, while visitors gathered around the railing throw them goodies. The young cubs tumble over each other for the morsels. All feel very important, for they are protected by law even from improper food. Visitors are permitted to feed them only what is good for their health.

We drink at the *Kindlifresser* (child devourer)

fountain. It is decorated with carved figures of bears. The central figure is a dreadful ogre, engaged in eating



STREET IN BERNE, SHOWING OLD CLOCK TOWER.

a baby. Babies lie all about, and stick from its pockets, waiting to be eaten.

At noon we make a point of being in front of the remarkable clock with the long German name—the

Zeitglockenthurm. It has a bear scene every noon. About twelve, a cock gives the alarm by flapping its wings. This is not a real cock, mind you. Then a troupe of make-believe bears walks around the seated figure of an old man. As the hour strikes, the old man turns an hour glass and counts the hour with his scepter, opening his mouth as if speaking. Another queer figure holding a hammer strikes it on a bell twelve times. Then the cock crows again, and the performance is over.

Having done our duty by the bears, we look about the town. The streets are as quaint as one will see in any old-world city. They have ancient arcades built along either side, forming roofs over the sidewalks. Under these cool, dark arcades all the busy life of the streets goes on. Here in booths shopkeepers display their wares. An odor of cheese fills the air. Berne is a great market for the famous Swiss cheeses, especially those from Gruyere, which sell all over the world. Fruits and vegetables sold at these arcade markets come from the large farms around Berne.

Benches along the walls afford a retreat for the Bernese people. Old ladies sit here to knit, business men read their papers, smoking long, crooked pipes, children play, and young folk gossip.

Milk carts drawn by dogs rumble by. Peasants from the country tramp through the arcades, baskets of vegetables strapped to their backs. Some carry large trays heaped with cheese. Others have cans of milk on their backs. Burden-bearing seems always to be *back*-bearing. Even housekeepers are accompanied by little boys, each with a "hotte" for carrying purchases. No wonder so many people are stoop-shouldered.

While in Berne, we visit the new Parliament Buildings. Here the laws of the Republic are made. Let us see if we cannot understand how this is done.

THE GOVERNMENT.

We are proud of our land, because it is free and a Republic. But freedom in Switzerland was centuries old when George Washington was a baby. Switzerland is the oldest republic now existing. It was a Swiss hero who cried, "Make way for liberty," as he died fighting for his country.

In Switzerland the people have more power, the President has less, than in the United States. Still, our little sister Republic is governed somewhat as our own. In republics there must be a body of men to make the laws, and another to have the laws executed.

In the United States, Congress makes the laws; in Switzerland, the *Federal Assembly*.

In the United States, the President and the men who advise him (called the Cabinet) see that the laws are executed; in Switzerland, the *Federal Council*, composed of seven members, sees that the laws are carried out. This Federal Council elects one of its members, each year, to be President of the Republic; another, to be Vice President. They hold office one year. Nor can they be re-elected until another year has passed.

The President's salary is twenty-seven hundred dollars.

The Federal Assembly—the law-making branch of the government—is divided into two Councils: the *State Council*, and the *National Council*.

The State Council has forty-four members—two

from each canton. The National Council has one hundred and forty-seven members.

As you may guess, there are interesting times when all these men get together. As every canton is represented, three languages are spoken. We should like



CAPITOL OF SWITZERLAND—BERNE.

to see them in session. This is what happens sometimes:—

A member from a German canton makes a speech in his native tongue. Up bobs a French Swiss to reply in French. Thereupon, a dark-eyed, black-headed little man “talks back” in Italian.

They understand one another, though. They make

laws about war and peace, and the telephone, telegraph and postal services; arrange for the coining of money (French coins are used in Switzerland); the protection of the forests; the training of soldiers; the building of roads and railways; and for other matters of general interest.

Swiss elections are held on Sundays. The people say they are too busy to vote on weekdays. Often elections are held in the churches. Sunday afternoon the church bell rings for the voters to assemble. They sit in the pews. When a man's name is called, he walks forward with his vote in a sealed envelope, to place it in the ballot box. This sounds very solemn, but sometimes their behavior is not at all solemn—quite the contrary.

In a few small cantons, voting is done in the open air. The people meet in the village market places, or in meadows. Women and children are there, also, although they cannot vote. These open-air elections are said to be very impressive.

The voters gather in a circle about the platform. An opening prayer is made, the men standing with bowed heads. Voting is done by raising hands. At the close, all join in a hymn. Then follows, very often, a picnic luncheon on the grass. Through many centuries the grand old mountains have looked down on these simple, open-air gatherings of a free people.

Each canton, like a state in our Union, manages its own affairs. As our states are divided into counties, so each Swiss canton is divided into little districts called *communes*.

Some things are owned in common by the people

of a commune—the forests, the pastures, and, in some communes, the land. The commune gives each family its share of fuel, and permits it to send a certain number of cattle to graze on the pastures—all free of

charge. Where the commune owns the land, it sells small tracts to heads of families at a price within their means. In this way even poor peasants are able to own their homes.

Berne has famous hospitals, schools, museums, parks, drives, and beautiful bridges over the Aar River. It has a university and a splendid old cathedral. We take the electric car to the Gurten, a hill whence we see the Bernese Alps to-



COSTUME OF THE CANTON OF BERNE

ward the southeast. Their white line is broken by peaks famous for beauty or grandeur.

Another excursion is to the beautiful old town of

Thun. Its castle on a wooded height is the central figure. There are castles and castles in Switzerland, but each has a beauty of its own. Luckily we have arrived on market day and may see the pretty costumes of the Bernese peasant girls.

PEASANT COSTUMES.

They wear gay colored skirts with black velvet bodices over white muslin waists. Sleeves and waists are tucked and starched. Silver chains are looped under the arms, fastening in front and in back with rosettes. Flaring straw hats complete the costume.

The market is not so large as the one visited in Lausanne, but is even more picturesque. We buy flowers and wild mountain strawberries, and curios without number. People keep arriving from all directions with their dairy goods and garden supplies. Boats loaded with produce are thronging across the Lake of Thun.

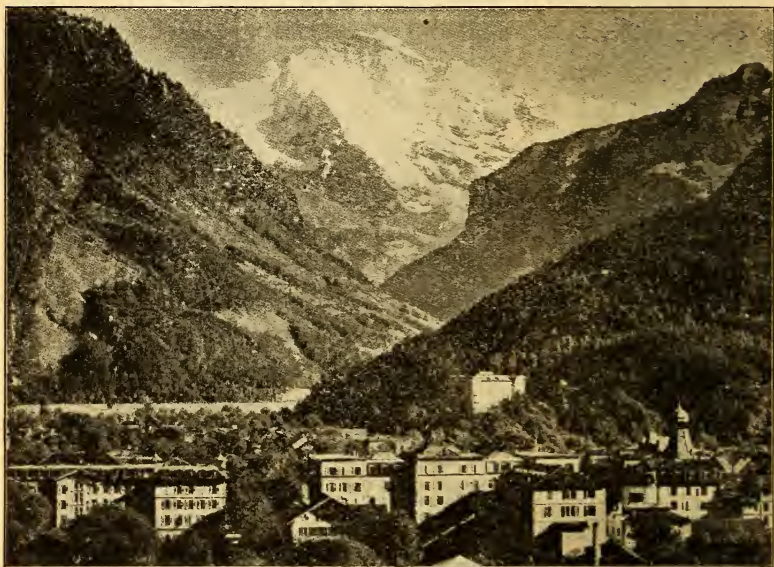
AWAY TO INTERLAKEN.

We go by carriage along the northern shore of the Lake of Thun to Interlaken. The road, built of stone, is as smooth as a floor. We pass through five tunnels between Thun and Interlaken. And where can we see more beautiful views? (Not in the tunnels, to be sure, but between them.) Our eyes rest on mountains, gorges, forests, castles, waterfalls, and lakes which look like paintings by a master artist. The scenery is reflected in the quiet water to the very leaves of the trees—even the birds see themselves as in a mirror.

Presently we come in sight of Switzerland's loveliest peak, the Jungfrau. Its name means the *Virgin*. We

see it and lose it again behind nearer mountains, also its neighboring peaks, the Monk and the Eigher.

Omnibuses now begin to roll by; trains whistle; automobiles, carriages, pedestrians—all are going our way. We drive down a broad, shady avenue between rows



INTERLAKEN: UP THE VALLEY RISES THE JUNGFRAU.

O tell me, love, if this is Switzerland,
Or is it but the frost-work on the pane.

—*T. B. Aldrich.*

of walnut trees, where people are promenading and listening to music. This is Interlaken.

Our carriage stops at the entrance to a fine hotel. A porter in livery rushes out to take our luggage. Another assists us from the carriage. Several more lead

the way within. Interlaken must be a very fashionable resort—so the porters make us feel. Swiss boys like to become hotel porters. They earn good wages, see different cities, and meet people from everywhere. So they learn fine airs that make them objects of envy to their old village playmates. We like Swiss hotel porters, in spite of their high manners, and we like Swiss guides even better. The latter are sturdy, brave fellows, always ready to lend a hand to help one, even at the risk of danger to themselves.

At Interlaken is much show of fashionable dressing. Chamonix people wore plain clothing suitable for climbing. Here finely dressed tourists are on the Promenade, in the hotels, or at the Kursaal, a splendid cafe which faces the Jungfrau. White and radiant this peak gleams through an opening in the mountains, the one great sight of the place.

We drink coffee at a table on the piazza of the Kursaal, and look at the moonlight turning the Jungfrau's snowy summit to silver, while the orchestra plays sweet music. Bells are ringing on the lake boats, people about us are talking in German, French, English, Dutch, Russian, or Italian, and gardens waft us fragrant breezes. We should like to stay here the rest of the summer.

A railroad is being built to the top of the Jungfrau. It is finished for only two-thirds of the whole distance, but the work is moving forward. This is one of the most daring attempts at railroad building set on foot in Switzerland. The work of building it is especially dangerous, for avalanches almost continually roll down the Jungfrau and the precipices are perilous.

Interlaken means "between lakes." It is built on a stretch of land between the Lake of Thun and the Lake of Brienz. We go by boat to Brienz, a town at the eastern end of the Lake of Brienz, which is noted for its wood-carving industry. It has a school for teaching wood-carving, where we see the pupils at work. They are learning to carve chairs, book racks, hat stands, parquetry, and wooden toys, such as birds, bears, chamois, chalets and the like. Brienz wood-carving sells wherever any wood-carving sells, whatever the country. In the villages of this region many are also engaged in making watches and clocks.

LAUTERBRUNNEN.

Lauterbrunnen is a short ride from Interlaken. It is a gem of a village set in a narrow valley, hedged in by mountains. So high are these mountain walls that in winter the sun is hardly seen at all. Even in July it does not rise until seven o'clock. Apart from the fine views of the Jungfrau, the Falls of Staubbach are the chief sight of interest at Lauterbrunnen. From a thousand feet above a small stream leaps downward, dashing into fine spray. The sunlight on the spray brings out all the colors of the rainbow.

Let us take the "electro-funicular," a railroad up the mountain to a tiny hamlet high above Lauterbrunnen. The "electro-funicular" is run partly by electricity, partly by a moving cable. In places the car is lifted upward almost like an elevator. Thus we are drawn up to Muerren, the hamlet. It seems to be at the jumping-off place.

The village is on an elevated point of land where

chasms open round about. So great is the fury of the winter gales in this part that the house roofs have to be loaded with stones. Here we see glaciers and avalanches, snow fields and summits, with a nearness that makes them terrible.

We stay all night at the hotel and hear the rush and roar of avalanches even in our dreams. Sometimes it takes but a slight cause to start an avalanche—a footstep on the snow, a jingle of bells, a voice speaking a trifle loud, all have set these snow slides crashing down the mountain. Travelers who cross the mountains during winter storms tell of driving slowly and speaking only in whispers, from fear of starting a slide. Whole villages have been buried by these slides, forests destroyed, and countless lives lost.

The Government has built defenses in places where avalanches occur regularly. Stone walls and tunnels are a common form of defense. Forests are the best protection. So the Government controls the forests, permitting no tree to be cut down without its sanction; and a new tree must always be planted when an old one is cut down.

We are up early at Muerren to see the sun rise. We stand waiting in the cold gray morning, the awful silence of the hoary mountains making us shiver.

Now begins the dawn. First appears a faint radiance in the east; then a mingling of wonderful hues; then—in an instant—the golden glory bursts upon the peaks, spreading from mountain top to mountain top, while we catch our breath with joy and wonder. Mr. Kipling has told us of daybreak in India, where—

“The sun comes up like thunder.”

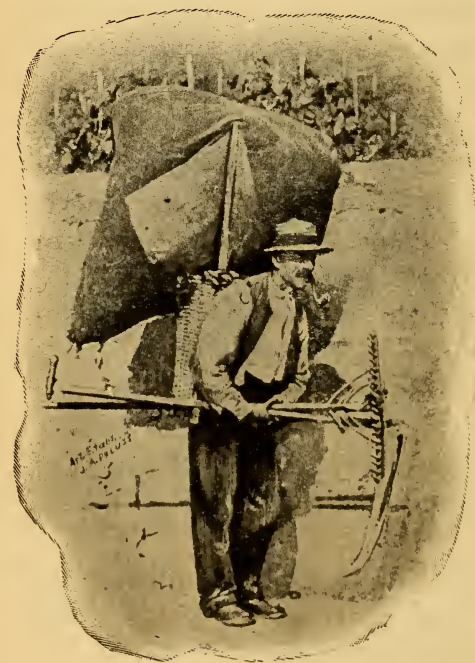
We know what he means now, for we almost hear the roar of thunder as the sunlight breaks on the mountains around Muerren.

GRINDELWALD FARMS.

Grindelwald is twelve miles from Lauterbrunnen, in a fertile valley over three thousand feet above the sea.

The Grindelwald folk are herdsmen and farmers. The little farms of this region are models of thrift and careful cultivation.

On a small patch of land the peasant farmer must raise everything which his family needs, flax and hemp for clothing, food for all the year, and hay enough to last his cattle through the winter. This means toil night



SWISS PEASANT.

(On his back is the "hotte," the receptacle in Switzerland for carrying burdens.)

and day through the short summer season. Except those members of the family who go to the summer alps with the cattle, all must work in the fields—father, mother and children.

Nothing must be wasted, nothing neglected. Every

scrap of manure is saved from stables, road, chicken houses, and pasture. Every potato must be dug; every blade of grass cut, even to the "wild grass" on high slopes, where the hay cutter risks his life to gather a few bundles of poor hay; every head of grain is harvested with an economy that seems miserly to American farmers.

Potatoes, rye and oats are the chief crops, but vegetable gardens, and orchards of cherries, pears and apples are seen flourishing on some farms. The flax and hemp are spun into coarse material by the women folk, and made into clothing for the family.

Their industry is no less in winter time, for the men work at some trade—such as making watches, clocks, carving wooden or ivory toys, and the like, while the women make lace, do embroidering, weave, spin, or knit. The children are sent to school seven months of the winter, but are trained to help in the work of house and dairy, or to add their mite towards earning a living, when not at their lessons.

Plain fare, hard work, and close houses where the cattle, too, are lodged make many peasant families look careworn, stooped, and poorly nourished. They eat almost no meat, but abundance of dairy products, with coffee, bread and dried fruits. We stop at a pretty farm house and are given cups of cream in carved wooden bowls, which we admire. Then the housewife shows us with pride her wooden spoons with carved handles, and other bits of decorated household ware. Her husband does this work winters, and makes a tidy sum thereby.

The house is spotlessly clean, with scrubbed pine

floor, substantial wooden tables and chairs, a white porcelain stove reaching almost to the ceiling and ribbed around with brass bands, and pictures of the Virgin and the saints on the walls. Every window has its shelf of plants, which grow in tin fruit cans. In

one corner is the spinning wheel, where the grandmother is busy with her flax.

One daughter and the youngest boy are in their summer chalet on the alps. The eldest son is in London, learning English and serving as hotel porter at the same time. He is looked upon as an ornament



SPINNING.

to the family. He no longer wears a homespun working blouse, like his father, nor does he even smoke his long pipe, but is splendid in a ready-made, tailored suit of clothes, which his simple relatives admire almost under their breaths. We think we should rather be the younger boy, living on the alps, dressed in a coarse blouse, and walking barefooted over the violets and pansies.

Grindelwald is at the foot of two glaciers, in one of which a narrow tunnel has been cut, two hundred feet

in length. We walk through this ice cavern and wonder whether we shall find at its end the old woman of whom we have read. When she sees tourists coming that way, she runs into the cavern to play on a jangling old zither and collect pennies for her performance.

More than one Grindelwald citizen is after tourists' pennies. Tables and booths covered with articles for sale greet us at every turn. We could spend a fortune on Swiss souvenirs, but hurry away to see the Aar glaciers.

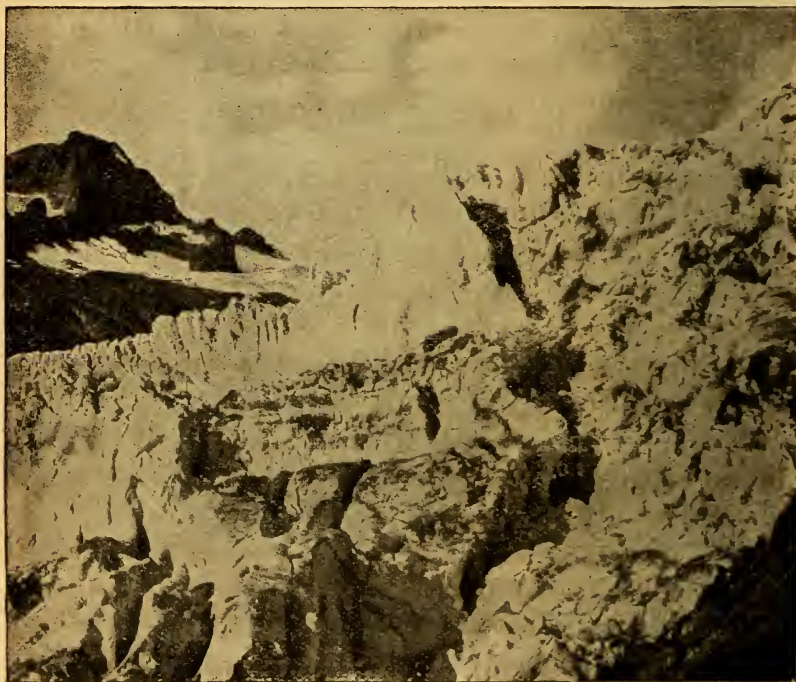
Agassiz's hut was on the moraine of the Upper Aar glacier. Here he spent most of his time while studying glaciers, and here the huge boulder was found which marks his grave in Massachusetts. The glacier is eighteen miles long and about three miles wide. From it springs the Aar river, which we saw at Berne, and which is a tributary of the Rhine.

Not far from here is the Rhone glacier. We go by mules across the Grimsel Pass to see this, the most marvelous glacier in Switzerland, perhaps in the world. We pass through scenery wild and desolate, climbing heights swept by cold winds. When we see the monster cataract of ice we are certain that Switzerland has no greater work of nature to show us. Longfellow has well described it:

"A frozen cataract, more than two thousand feet in height and many miles broad at its base. It fills the whole valley between two mountains, running back to their summits. At the base it is arched like a dome; and above, jagged and rough, it resembles a mass of gigantic crystals of a pale emerald tint, mingled with white. A snowy crust covers its surface; but at every

rent and crevice the pale green ice shines clear in the sun."

From the foot of this glacier the Rhone river springs, to flow away through the Lake of Geneva and the southern part of France to the sea.



RHONE GLACIER.

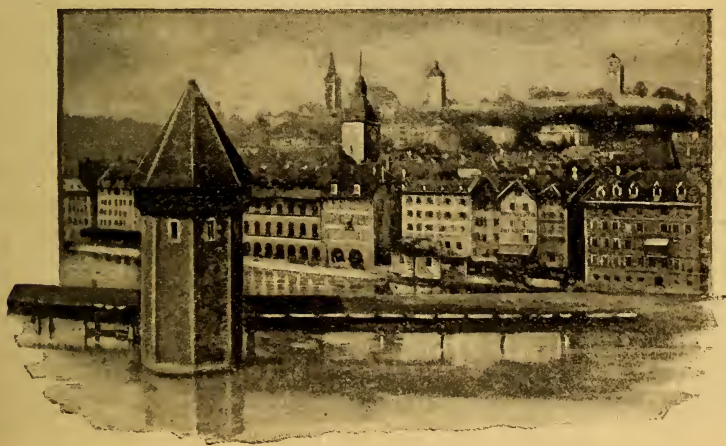
LUCERNE.

Lucerne, a quaint and historic little city, lies on the eastern shore of Lake Lucerne. On the west is Mount Pilatus; on the east, the Rigi. Of Lake Lucerne, some one has said that "the Lord might have made a lovelier lake, but He never did."

All the fashionable world seems taking a holiday at Lucerne. Pilatus and the Rigi look down upon a gay town. Lucerne has a population of 29,145, which in summer is enormously increased.

The Promenade beside the lake is crowded with handsome equipages, ladies in Paris toilettes, and climbers in knickerbockers, with alpenstocks in hand and knapsacks on their backs.

Lucerne has two ancient wooden bridges over the River Reuss. One was built nearly six hundred years



OLD BRIDGE AT LUCERNE.

ago. Both are covered and have on the inside walls a series of paintings by artists of a time long gone. We see the old, old tower, once a prison, but now containing a collection of relics. We visit the Hofkirche, or cathedral, and hear the great organ. The organist plays a selection which reproduces the sounds of a storm. We hear the thunder, the wind crashing through the trees, and almost see the vivid flashes of

lightning. These Swiss cathedrals all have fine organs, but the most noted one, perhaps, is that in the cathedral at Fribourg, a town southwest of Berne.

THE LION OF LUCERNE.

In a garden of Lucerne is the famous lion, a monument made in memory of some brave Swiss soldiers who stood nobly by their posts in a time of danger. They formed the Swiss Guard which defended the French king, Louis XVI., when a mob of his own subjects attacked his palace during the French Revolution. The Swiss Guard stayed to protect the king long after the French soldiers had left him to his fate—and lost their lives for staying. The monument was designed by Thorwaldsen, the Danish sculptor, and represents a lion in the agony of death. It is cut from the face of a huge rock hollowed in the form of a cave. Water trickles down one side, forming a pool on the base, where pond lilies grow and shrubs overhang the water. The stone lion is thirty feet long. A dagger is plunged into its side, while its head sinks in pain and its paw lies protectingly over the shield of France. The lion symbolizes the courage of the Swiss soldiers; the shield of France refers to the king. Above the cave, in Latin, are the words:

“To the valor and fidelity of the Swiss.”

Beneath are written the names of the soldiers who perished. It is a most impressive monument, for all who look upon it feel the valor of the act which it commemorates.

We remember that there was a disgraceful period in Swiss history, when the soldiers of the Republic were

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willing to fight for any foreign power that paid them well. It made little difference what they fought for, so long as they received their price. Being good fighters, they were in great demand. It is said that a French soldier once sneeringly remarked to a Swiss: "The Swiss fight for money, but the French for honor."



THE LION OF LUCERNE.

"Yes," retorted the Swiss soldier, "we both fight for that which we do not possess."

We climb the Rigi on the cog-wheel railroad. This little railroad is like those up Mount Washington and Pike's Peak at home. Midway between the rails of the track is a double rail, notched like teeth. On the engine is a wheel with cogs which fit into these notches of the middle rail. The cog-wheel, run by steam,

pushes the train up the track. Going up, the engine is at the rear of the train. Coming down, it goes ahead, to check the speed of the train.

We think the engine a queer object, for it is tilted down at the front end and hoisted up at the back, like a camel on its knees. Perhaps it is broken? Oh, no; when we start up the mountain, the front end will be on a level with the back. That explains its shape. The seats, also, are tilted forward. When we sit on them, we think we shall fall upon the floor; but when we are ascending the slopes, we find ourselves sitting level.

The train travels at the rate of three miles an hour, making the trip to the top in an hour and a half. That is slow traveling; but we enjoy it, because it enables us to see the marvelous scenery. We creep over bridges swung high in air, through tunnels, past wild forests, sometimes skimming along a bridge over the tree tops. And now we wind along a narrow ledge, from which we see lakes and towns, far, far below. We pass a large hotel or two on the way, and see climbers at different points panting and struggling upward with the aid of their alpenstocks.

The Rigi is but little over five thousand feet high. Yet the view from its summit is not surpassed in Switzerland. This is because the mountain stands apart, without surrounding mountains to cut off the view. At the Kulm, or summit, the temperature changes suddenly. When we reach there, it is so cold that we don overcoats and golf capes and hurry, shivering, to the hotel. In half an hour the clouds break, the sun shines, and we are glad to exchange our wraps

for cotton shirt waists. Even on the top of the Rigi are the ever-present booths with souvenirs for sale. They are seen at different points on the way up, with business-like salesmen driving a brisk trade in toys, postal cards and bric-a-brac.



CATHEDRAL AT LUCERNE.

There is a platform, reached by stairs, at the very tip-top of the Rigi, where one may see almost "all the kingdoms of the world and the glory of them," spread out in the valleys below. We look through field glasses with colored lenses and see the view all red, or all yellow, or all green, just as we prefer. Better still, we view the landscape without any glasses whatever. For

three hundred miles round about it lies smiling in the sunshine. There is Lucerne; there Zurich; there are the towns between, how many we cannot say, for they look like one great, straggling city. We count no less than ten lakes, and trace rivers like white threads running through forest and farm land. Yonder, we see mountains with clouds chasing across their upper slopes. Old Pilatus covers his head with a cloud cap, and then, curious to see what we are up to, peeps out at a rent in the top.

We stay over night at the Kulm to see the sun rise. While in Switzerland we are forever climbing mountains to see the sun rise. We leave our beds, half awake, and stand with chattering teeth in the cold of an early morning, feeling quite savage because we have had no breakfast. Then the day begins to break, and we forget ourselves. To see a sunrise in the Alps we would endure many hardships.

WONDERFUL ROADS.

Mount Pilatus has up its sides a railway which is thought to be the steepest in the world. The upper terminus is six thousand nine hundred feet above sea



TUNNEL IN THE MOUNTAINS.

level. The foundation of the road is solid masonry covered with granite slabs. Arches span the ravines. The train can be brought to a standstill any moment. The engine and one coach make up the train.

Railroads penetrate nearly every part of Switzer-

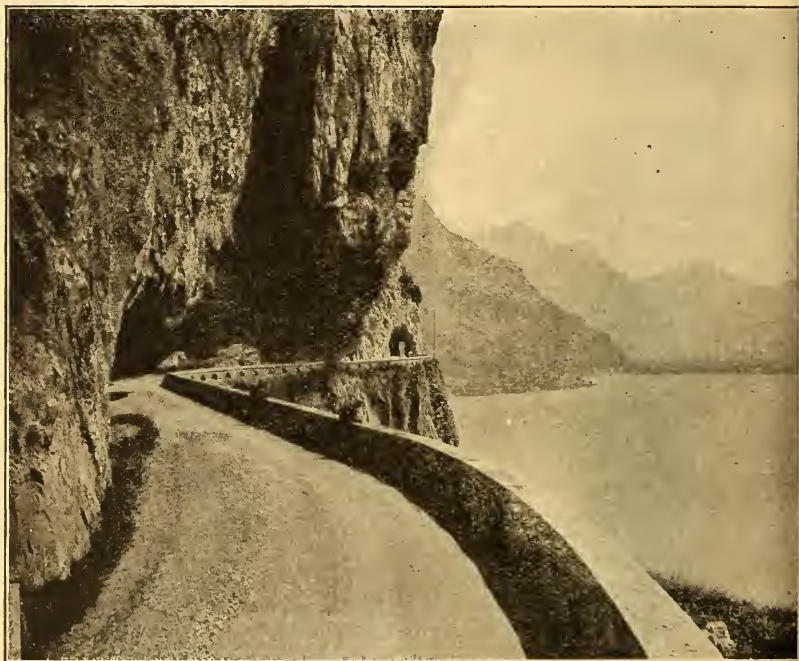
land. They follow the river valleys, cut through mountains, or climb over them. Their construction has taken many years, cost millions of dollars, and brought death to many poor fellows working on them.

The St. Gothard railway is a famous road. It extends from Lucerne to the Italian lake region south of the Alps. Ten years were required to build it. The road has fifty-six tunnels, cut through the solid granite rock, and numerous bridges so strongly made that an earthquake would hardly break them. The scenery along this line is one beautiful view after another. At Goeschenen begins the great St. Gothard tunnel—the longest tunnel in the world. It extends nine and a half miles, to Airolo, is twenty-six and a half feet wide, and over nineteen feet from the floor to the arch of the roof. Nine years were spent in building it. Work was begun at both ends at the same time, so that the engineer's plans had to be most exact. On February 28, 1880, the middle of the tunnel was reached. That was a great day, when the Swiss workmen from the north end and the Italian workmen from the south blasted the thin wall of rock remaining between them.

We have been on the electro-funicular road to Muerren, up the cog-wheel road of the Rigi, have seen the one up Pilatus, and heard of the one being built up the Jungfrau. There is still another wonderful railroad—the Gonergrat—which starts at the village of Zermatt and ascends almost 11,000 feet up the mountains “into a world of ice.” We shall see this road.

The noblest carriage road ever made by man runs

from Lucerne to Fluelen, a town at the southern end of Lake Lucerne. It is of solid masonry, with not a pebble to mar its smooth stone bed. Where it skirts the lake, it is bordered by stone parapets. Tunnels at numerous points have great arched openings in the



AXENSTRASSE ROAD.

side, through which may be seen lake and mountains—and mountains *in* the lake—for the clear, smooth water reflects its mountain walls as in a glass. This king of roads is called the Axenstrasse. There are a number of fine carriage roads in these lake regions and through the Jura section of Switzerland.

PILATUS.

Mount Pilatus is the weather prophet of Lucerne. It is believed by some of the natives that the shape of the clouds on its summit foretells the weather. A round cloud, like a cap, indicates good weather; a long, sword-shaped one, pointing towards Lucerne, means rain. Tourists are always watchful of these clouds, to see whether Pilatus really knows his business as he should.

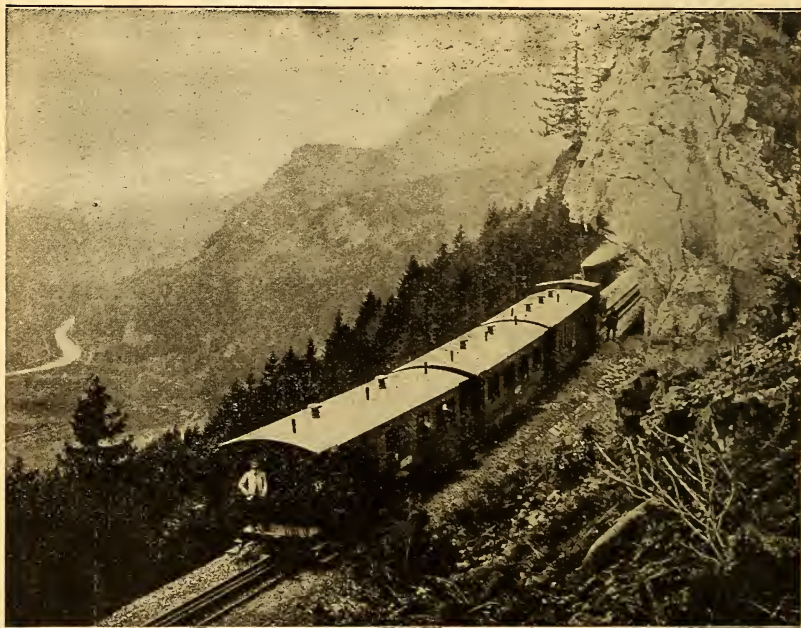
Besides having the power to prophesy, Pilatus has a ghost—or did have, before men laid it by climbing to the summit. People believed that Pontius Pilate's ghost dwelt on the mountain top and stirred up all the storms of that region.

The legend is that Pontius Pilate, after he left Galilee, was imprisoned in Rome. There he committed suicide, and his body was thrown into the Tiber River. The Tiber angrily cast the corpse upon the shore. Then it was thrown into the Rhine, which also refused to keep it. At last it was taken to a little lake on the top of Pilatus. There it remained and stirred up storms on Fridays. Why on Fridays? Our New Testaments may tell us. People were forbidden by law to visit the top on that day. But the ghost was laid long ago by a young German, who climbed to the top for that purpose. How do people lay ghosts? We really think there is no way, except by refusing to believe in them. Now a little train steams up this mountain several times a day, in summer.

Lake Lucerne is called the Lake of the Four Cantons, because it is surrounded by the cantons of Lucerne,

Uri, Schwyz, and Unterwalden. The last three are the historic "forest cantons."

Like all pilgrims to this part, we take a steamboat to visit the scenes of William Tell's exploits. Schiller,



MODERN MOUNTAIN CLIMBING.

the German poet, has put Tell's story into a drama, which has been played on the stage. There are many versions of the legend. Here is the oldest one:—

WILLIAM TELL.

William Tell lived in the canton of Uri at the time when Austrian governors were oppressing the people. He was one of the bravest of the mountaineers who took the oath of freedom at Rutli—a strong, daring

man, who could do no end of things better than anybody else. Archery was his chief accomplishment. The skill with which he shot arrows would have made an American Indian envious.

Gessler was one of the tyrannical Austrian governors. He was so insolent that he even wanted the people of the forest cantons to bow to his cap. He ordered it set up in the market place of Altorf, so that every one passing it might bow before it "as though the lord were there."

"And he who did it not" (reads the old record), "him he would punish and cause to repent heavily. And the servant was to watch and tell of such an one."

Tell refused point blank to bow before the cap, and was taken before Gessler. Gessler ordered him to be imprisoned, but offered him his freedom if he would shoot an apple from his son's head. Gessler wanted to see some of this famous archery; secretly, he thought that this was one time when Tell would hit the wrong mark.

Poor Tell tried to escape the test, for he loved his boy dearly and feared that his skill would fail him, with the child's life at stake; but Gessler stood firm. The boy was bound to a tree and an apple placed on his head, while the father was stationed at a distance. Tell put an arrow in his quiver and another arrow "he took in his hand, and stretched his crossbow, and prayed God that he might save his child, and shot the apple from the child's head."

When the excitement was over, Gessler asked Tell why he had put the extra arrow in his quiver. When Tell hesitated to reply, Gessler said:

"Tell me the truth; I will make thy life safe and not kill thee."

The archer cried out that, had he shot his boy, he had planned to kill Gessler with the other arrow. Gessler fell into a terrible rage and ordered Tell bound and placed in a boat with himself and his attendants. The prisoner was to be thrown into a dungeon at Kussnacht. Having promised to spare Tell's life, Gessler had to



TELL'S CHAPEL.

keep his word, but he swore that the prisoner should "never more see sun or moon."

The boat started across the lake, but a storm came up and threatened to swamp it. Tell had to be unbound, as he was the only one on board able to steer them safely to shore. Now was his chance to escape! Steering carefully toward a flat rock on the shore, he leaped from the boat upon the stone, pushed the craft from the shore, and made off through the thicket.

Gessler and his crew had a hard time to make the land again. We may imagine Gessler's wrath. Meanwhile, Tell hid in a hollow and awaited the passing of the party. At their approach he drew his bow and shot Gessler in the heart. So there was one less tyrant to trouble the Swiss.

We steam down the lake, past the scenes of this story. Mountains rise from the shore, in places almost perpendicular. These mountains make Lake Lucerne the lovely bit of water that it is. We pass Brunnen, where the men of the forest cantons met to form the compact of August, 1291. At Tellsplatte is a charming little chapel dedicated to Tell. It has four large frescoes on its walls illustrating the chief events in his story. Religious services are sometimes held in the little chapel. At another point on the shore is a towering rock, bearing an inscription in memory of Schiller, the German poet who celebrated Tell's deeds in a drama.

Across the lake from Tellsplatte is Rutli, where the oath to live and die for freedom was taken by the men of the Three Forest Cantons.

We go to Altorf, at the southern end of the lake, and see the market place where the shooting occurred. Here Tell is said to have stood when he shot the apple from his son's head; here is a fountain marking the place where it is believed that the boy was stationed. Two statues of Tell are in the market place. The larger one is a splendid bronze piece, representing Tell with his little son beside him descending from the mountains. The statue was placed here in 1895.

Historians say that there never was a real William

Tell; that the story is only a legend; but the Swiss believe in their hero. Every year they hold a great festival in his honor, at which all the towns around



STATUE OF TELL.

Lake Lucerne take part. The people meet at Fluelen, gathering by hundreds, so that the lake boats are loaded with passengers. Then they form in line and march to Altorf, with banners and flags flying, music playing, and people singing. The women all wear the pretty costumes of their cantons, and every one is decked with wreaths of flowers.

Altorf is gorgeously decorated with bunting, flags, garlands and wreaths. Its people form a

splendid procession and go out to meet the crowds marching from Fluelen—friars in their dark gowns, nuns from the convent, school children singing, guilds of workmen in their uniforms—all advance to meet their guests, chanting and carrying garlands. At the church in Altorf the Bishop blesses the multitude and holds mass in memory of Tell.

THE PEOPLE—AMUSEMENTS.

The Swiss hold many festivals and historical processions in celebration of great events. Every community seems to have its special anniversary festival, in which all the people take part. At such times may best be seen the old-time peasant costumes in all their bravery of silver chains, rosettes, and peculiar head gear.

Music, also, is dear to the Swiss heart, and so each village has its singing club. A national musical assembly is held at stated periods, first in one city, then in another, to which delegates from these local clubs are sent. Then may one hear chorus singing to make the heart glad! Voices—thousands of them—ring out the national anthems, until the audience goes wild with applause. Some of the national airs are herdsmen's songs, full of the hearty life of the mountaineers, with stirring "yodelled" choruses.

Village rifle shooting clubs are as numerous as the music clubs. So are all kinds of athletic associations, as the people are interested in every form of manly exercise, but especially in wrestling.

The Turnfest (or National Athletic Sports) occurs every three years. The celebration is held each time

in a different city. Every athletic club of the country sends picked men to compete for the prizes which are offered for boxing, fencing, leaping, running, swimming, wrestling, stone-lifting, dancing, exercises with clubs and parallel bars, and so on.

As many as five thousand athletes have competed at one time. They are strong, lithe fellows, from every station in life. Whether they are farmers, herdsmen, clergymen, bankers, lawyers, or shopkeepers, makes no difference; all are good comrades out for a jolly time. The city entertaining the Turnfest builds great barracks on the athletic grounds, where the contestants eat and sleep. Each club has its banner and special badge for the members. When the thousands gather at the long tables in the barrack dining hall, each club grouped around its own banner, the scene is a gay one. Flags fly, bands play, and hearty voices shout in unison, with a merry clatter of cups and plates.

The Turnfest always opens with a long procession of all the athletes, and closes with a general field exercise that is as fine as any great military review. The hope of sometime being able to compete at the Turnfest stirs many a Swiss school boy to make the most of his gymnasium practice.

The Swiss like to live in villages rather than in cities. They like to know and help one another, a plan which is not always possible in cities. Their favorite motto is "Each for all, and all for each." They live together on the summer pastures, gather their grape or hay harvests together, hull their walnuts or roast their chestnuts at "bees" like our old-time husking bees; and do their washings together at the village fountain.

Their homes are simply furnished, with no carpets, and almost no pictures. This is not true, of course, of the wealthy class, who dwell in such comfort as is possible for the rich in any civilized country. But the



INTERIOR OF SWISS HOME.

average Swiss home has little luxury in it. Two objects we almost always find—a great white porcelain stove and an old-fashioned loom. Some of the oldest styles of these stoves are seven or eight feet high, and have little stairways up to the top, where is a small

space, screened by a curtain, forming a room some six feet square. That must be a good place for the children to toast their toes when they come home from school. The loom is used to weave linen or silk goods.

Strangers are always welcomed cordially in these homes, and given the best the house affords. One may be invited to share the meal, when but one large dish stands on the table, from which each one eats with a spoon. This is not considered a discourtesy to the guest—the discourtesy would be on our part, if we refused their simple hospitality.

Weddings, picnics and dances are always on Sunday. The Swiss are a deeply religious people, but see no harm in making Sunday a day of pleasure. They enjoy dancing best of all their pleasures, but the communes fix the number of dances that may be given and the hour when each must close. So the young folk are not indulged too much in their favorite amusement.

One of the most noticeable traits of the Swiss people is their love of home and kindred. When children go out into the world to earn a living, even to foreign lands, they always send home a portion of their wages, however meager, to help parents, brothers and sisters. The parents, in turn, give their children the best training and education at their command. They teach them to be truthful, to depend upon themselves, to love honesty and industry, to help others, and to be polite to everyone. We never meet these little men and women that they do not greet us with a cheery “adieu” or “guten tag.”

All Swiss parents seem to agree with one of their

army officers, who said:

"Every boy and girl ought to be taught a bread-winning handicraft; to shoot straight (if a boy); to nurse (if a girl); and to know and do their duty to their neighbors and their God."

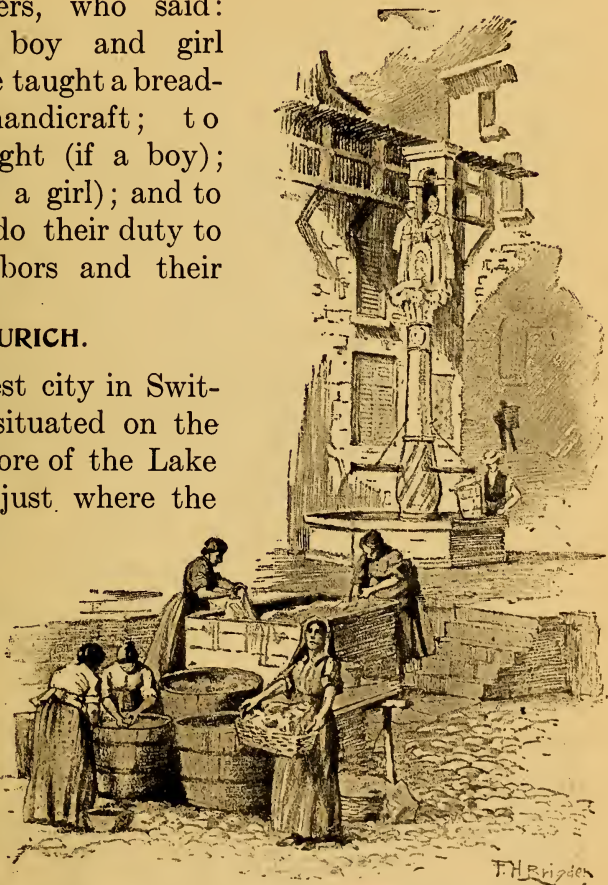
ZURICH.

The largest city in Switzerland is situated on the northern shore of the Lake of Zurich, just where the River Lim-at flows from the lake.

Zurich is an historic old city. The Romans of long ago called it *Turicum*.

It was a sturdy Protestant town during the Reformation, and gave a home to many people exiled from their native land for holding the Protestant faith. Here the first English translation of the Bible, by Miles Coverdale, was printed in 1535; and here lived the great Swiss patriot and preacher, Zwingli.

The city is in a fertile valley, the low hills of which



WASHING AT THE FOUNTAIN.

are covered with vineyards to the foot of the mountains, not far distant. Fine views of this lovely valley may be had from the city terraces, or from the Uetliberg, a near-by mountain, which is ascended by a railroad.

Zurich has a metropolitan appearance, with its broad boulevard, its promenade along the quays, its fine squares and massive buildings. The lake is astir with steamboats and barges, the hotels and cafes are full of people, and the shops attract crowds of customers who come here to buy Zurich silks.

We visit the Grossmunster, where Zwingli preached, "thundering the wrath of heaven" against evil doers. He was a brave defender of the right, and worked especially hard for one national reform—the overthrow of the custom whereby Swiss soldiers fought for pay, selling their services to other nations.

We see the ancient Guild Houses, where members of the various trades and crafts of Zurich used to meet. Zurich has a population of 150,239, and it seems as if each one of all these people belonged to some club. Music clubs are particularly numerous. One of the music clubs is several hundred years old. The German musician, Wagner, lived in Zurich a number of years, and here composed his beautiful opera—Lohengrin.

The largest and oldest industry in Switzerland has its center in Zurich. That is, the manufacturing of silk goods. Since the thirteenth century, Zurich silks have been in the forefront of the world's silk markets. Raw silk is brought both from Italy and far-off China. Perhaps the bit of silk on one's best gown has traveled from China, across the Pacific, across the United States, across the Atlantic, across France—to Zurich,

there to be made into goods which take another long journey back again to the United States.

Factories keep up a big humming in the city, while almost every house of every village round about is a-whirr with the looms of the silk weavers. Cotton, linen, and woolen goods are made also. Where do the Zurich people buy their raw cotton? And the flax for their linen? Even machinery is manufactured here—not an easy task, for all the coal and iron must be imported from distant countries.

Thus we see a little country, without food enough for its people, without minerals (the Alps may be rich in iron, but the expense of working it would be too great to pay), without a seaport, and without natural routes of travel. Yet we see this small country overcoming every obstacle and winning at last a place among the most prosperous nations of Europe.

Zurich is noted for its schools. The University is attended by men and women not alone from Switzerland, but even from Russia, Germany, England and the United States. A famous school of science here is the Federal Polytechnic. We remember that Pestalozzi, the teacher at Yverdon, was born in Zurich. The library and the museums have a number of memorials of him and of Zwingli.

We take a brief trip to Appenzell, southeast of Zurich, to buy some of the Appenzell embroidery, which has as wide a reputation as Gruyere cheese and Zurich silks. We visit the school at which girls are taught to make this beautiful embroidery and lace.

Then we are off, by way of Lucerne, to take the St. Gothard railway through the Swiss-Italian canton of

Tessin. Here we pass the vineyards and the groves of figs and chestnuts, which are the chief growths of this canton.

Finally, we turn our faces toward Zermatt.

ZERMATT—THE MATTERHORN.

This village is in a valley five thousand three hundred and fifteen feet above sea level, where mountains white with snow and ice crowd around it, with Monte Rosa and the Matterhorn overshadowing all.

The Matterhorn rises from a bed of glaciers like a pyramid, being fourteen thousand seven hundred and five feet high. It is like no other peak in form, having precipices so steep that for ages no man dared ascend it. Mont Blanc was scaled in 1786; the Jungfrau, in 1811; Monte Rosa, in 1851. Still, no one had mastered the Matterhorn. It was named the "Fiend of the Alps."

On July 13, 1865, Mr. Edward Whymper, an Englishman, finally reached the top. He was accompanied by three young English friends and three skilled guides. Before this, he had made seven attempts to reach the summit, each unsuccessful. This time he made the most careful preparations. Each of the party had already climbed the more difficult Swiss peaks. So they felt hopeful of success, being many in number and able to help one another.

They spent a night on the mountain and began climbing in the early morning. Good headway was made until they reached an altitude of about fourteen thousand feet. From there on the precipice rises in an almost straight line. Its face was so slippery with ice and snow that the slightest misstep here would

mean destruction. With the greatest difficulty they crept upward, but at a little past one o'clock in the afternoon, Whymper and the guide, Croz, reached the top together.

The ascent was successful; the descent, fatal. They started down the fearful precipice, with Croz leading. A rope held them together, single file. Whymper



CROWN OF THE MATTERHORN

and the two remaining guides were at the other end of the line, while Whymper's friends followed Croz.

At a certain point on the precipice, Croz turned to help Hadow, the young Englishman behind him. Suddenly Hadow slipped, knocked against Croz, and both fell head foremost.

Instantly Whymper and the two guides at the far

end of the line braced themselves to hold the rope tight—but to no purpose. In a flash, Croz and Hadow had dragged down with them the two Englishmen behind Hadow. For but a moment of time the four hung suspended over the brink of the precipice. Then they disappeared over its edge, while Whymper and the two other guides watched them slip from sight.

Stricken with horror, the three survivors clung to the rock and dared not move. An hour passed while they hung to their dangerous foothold, trembling with terror. Finally they summoned courage to move. Slowly and fearfully they crept downward, peering about for their lost companions. But the four had fallen thousands of feet to the glacier below.

The ascent of the Matterhorn has since been made easier by cutting steps in the rock and providing ropes and hand rails to steady the climbers. But the peak, for all that, is still the "Fiend," which may take one's life if he have not steady nerves, stout heart, and level head.

Our journey ends with Zermatt. We return home, leaving much of this mountain land unexplored. To see all its interesting nooks and historical spots would require many summer sojourns in Switzerland; but we have seen enough to make us admire the people of this little republic, remember forever the glory of their Alps, and wish them six hundred more years—and twice six hundred—of free government.

And now, away with alpenstocks, hob-nailed shoes, and knapsacks. Pack the music boxes, toy chalets, carved clocks, and Appenzell embroidery. We must hasten on, for there are many countries yet to visit in Europe.

TEACHER'S SUPPLEMENT.

A Little Journey to Switzerland.

The class, or travel club, has now completed the study of Switzerland and is ready for a review. In order to make this interesting, let the work be summed up in the form of an entertainment called—

AN AFTERNOON OR EVENING IN SWITZERLAND.

For the afternoons abroad, given as geography reviews, or as a part of the Friday afternoon exercises, invitations may be written out by the pupils, or mimeographed or hectographed, and carried to friends and parents.

If given as an evening entertainment and illustrated by stereopticon views, handbills may be printed and circulated, at least a week beforehand. The following form may be used:—

SCHOOL ENTERTAINMENT.

A TRIP TO SWITZERLAND FOR FIFTEEN CENTS.

You are invited by the pupils of the———school (or the members of the Travel Class or Club) to spend an evening (or afternoon) in Switzerland.

The party starts promptly at 1:30 P. M. (or 8 P. M.) the———. Those desiring to take this trip should secure tickets before the day of sailing, as the party is limited. Guides are furnished free.

The proceeds of this entertainment are to be used in the purchase of a library and pictures for the school.

Geographies, books of travel, magazine articles and newspapers should be consulted until each pupil has his subject well in hand. He should also, where possible, secure photographs, pictures or objects with which to illustrate his talk. At its close these should be placed upon a table, or the chalk tray, that visitors may examine them more closely.

If the entertainment is given in the evening, the teacher may be able to use stereopticon views.

These will prove a very great attraction to both pupils and parents, and should be secured, if possible. The lantern with oil lamp may be easily operated by the teacher while the pupils give the descriptions of the pictures or give talks about the country.

The lantern and slides may be rented for the evening or afternoon at reasonable rates, and the cost covered by an admission fee of from ten to twenty-five cents.

A leader or guide may be appointed to make the introductory remarks, and to announce the numbers of the programme.

Other pupils speak of the journey to Switzerland, the people, industries, plant and animal life, scenery and social features of the country.

SUGGESTIONS.

For the afternoon exercises have the blackboards decorated with Swiss flowers, the Alpine rose and edelweiss. The souvenir programmes may be decorated with the same flowers.

Across the center of the front blackboard write in large letters "The playground of Europe, the Workshop of the Swiss." Over it place a picture of the President of Switzerland, Dr. Joseph Zemp, and flags of the Republic. A small picture of the President may be found in the June, 1902, number of the Bay View Magazine.

On the lower part of the board sketch mountains and the figure of a youth climbing the mountains with a banner in his hand. Upon the banner print the word "Excelsior." A picture of a chalet, a chamois, and a St. Bernard dog may also be given places upon the board.

A cuckoo clock might be given a prominent place in the room, and under it a table, on which are placed articles of Swiss workmanship

or productions, as carved boxes, vases, knives, watches, laces, embroideries, Alpen stocks, chamois skin, cans of condensed milk, cheese, music boxes, leather goods.

Colored photographs or souvenir postal cards, showing the brilliant coloring of the water, sky and foliage, will prove of interest.

Pupils in national costume of Switzerland may give a short flag drill with Swiss flags, or sing one or more of the national airs. Have a chalet horn for the occasion if possible. It may be used a little distance from the school building at first, so that the notes may come faintly to those in the room.

It may be answered by a group of singers, with a yodel, and both the call and answer repeated. This may be followed by a Swiss warble or yodel song with echo, or by the "Chalet Horn."

"The Alpine Horn" may be given either as a song or recitation by a boy in hunter's costume, and carrying an Alpine Horn.

COSTUMES.

SWISS PEASANT.

The short skirt of this pretty costume is made of blue merino. The jacket is made of black velveteen, with full vest of white veiling, and trimming of blue merino cut in three points at the top and buttoned on to the bodice with silver buttons. Band of embroidery, with silver chains and ornaments. Sleeves of veiling. Apron of linen, finished with a band of insertion. Cap of velveteen, edged with lace.

TYROLESE COSTUME.

Gray woolen fabric is used for the skirt and waist of this costume, while dark-red velvet is used for the bodice and decoration, in connection with gilt braid. The hat is of velvet and is trimmed with the braid and a lace rosette. The apron is of white woolen goods decorated with velvet and gold embroidery. Gray stockings and patent-leather shoes with gold buckles complete the costume.

ALPINE SHEPHERD.

Blue jean, drilling, flannel or any other fabric preferred may be used for this costume. A leather belt is about the waist and a horn is suspended from the shoulder by a leather strap. The tall white

hat is decorated with narrow ribbon bands and a peacock's feather. White stockings and leather shoes are worn, and a shepherd's crook is carried.

SHEPHERD BOY.

This costume is composed of a blue flannel shirt and trousers. Red suspenders, stockings and hat, and buckskin shoes. The hat is ornamented by a single heron's plume. A horn and whip are carried.

WILLIAM TELL.

Jacket of slate-colored satin fastened round the waist by a brown leather belt, and tied down the front with ribbons, with a small puffing of white between each tie. The sleeves are slashed and puffed at the shoulder and elbow. Scarlet satin trunks slashed with white. Crimson satin tights. Long cloak of brown cloth. Crimson satin cap with a feather in it. Cross-bow carried on the shoulder. Low shoes, strapped across the instep.

SONGS.

National Song of Switzerland, Little Journey.

The Swiss Maid, Little Journey.

The Merry Swiss Boy, Little Journey.

The Alpine Hunter, the Secilian Series of Study and Song, Silver & Burdett, Pub. Book 3.

The Swiss Maid, " " " Book 3.

Land of Freedom, " " " Book 3.

Tyrolese Folk Song, " " " Book 3.

'Neath Foreign Skies, " " " Book 3.

By Rail, " " " Book 3.

Switzerland, " " " Book 2.

Tyrolese Song, from Choice Songs.

The Alpine Shepherd, Morning Bells.

The Alpine Horn, Fountain Song Book No. 3.

The Hunter's Song, Fountain Song Book No. 3.

Switzerland, Songs of the Nation.

Switzer's Song of Home, Franklin Square, No. 2.

The Jolly Swiss Lad, School Library of Song, No. 1, Ginn & Co.
 The Best Land, " " " " "
 O Thou My Country, " " " " "
 In Switzerland, Gems of School Songs, American Book Co.
 Happy Land, Fountain Song Book, No. 3.
 Stand Firm, O Fatherland.
 O Dear Home Land.
 The Battle of St. Jacob.
 The Triumph of Liberty.
 Eckert's Swiss Song.
 The Chalet Horn.
 The Mountain Goat Herd, in Songs of Happy Life.

POEMS.

Mont Blanc, H. Morford.
 My Alpenstock, H. G. Bell.
 Berne, M. Arnold.
 Lake Lemman and Chillon, H. Morford.
 Mount Pilatus, E. Arnold.
 Song of St. Bernard, T. B. Read.
 The Death of Winkelried, U. Thornburg.
 The above poems may be found in Longfellow's Poems of Places,
 Vol. XVI.

Excelsior, Longfellow.
 The Alpine Horn, E. J. Lacer.
 The Mountain Boy, J. L. Uhland.
 The Prisoner of Chillon, Lord Byron.
 William Tell, William C. Bryant.
 Monument at Lucerne, John Kenyon.
 Switzerland, G. Von Anersperg.

READINGS.

William Tell, Baldwin's Third Reader.
 Mount Saint Bernard, Normal Third Reader.
 Legend of Bregenz, Stepping Stones, Fifth Reader.
 Glaciers of the Alps. Johonnot's Geographical Reader.
 Formation and Movement of Glaciers, Hymn to Mount Blanc.
 Passage of St. Bernard by Napoleon, Johonnot's Geog. Reader.
 The Slide at Alpnach, Johonnot's Nat. Hist. Reader.

NATIONAL SONG OF SWITZERLAND.

Moderato.



To Swiss, in stran - ger's land, sing ne'er His



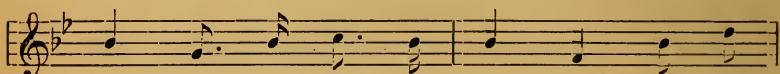
moun - tain dit - ties fresh and fair, Or



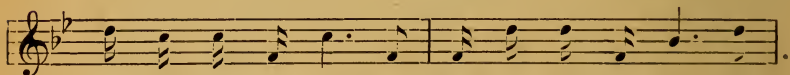
tear - drops thou'lt see fall - ing; His



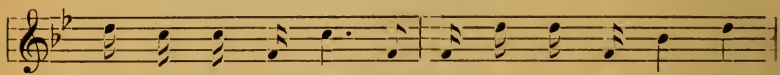
heart with pain Will long in vain



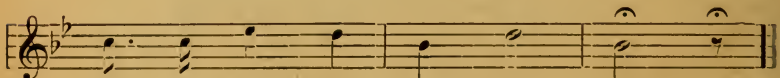
For all the strain's re - call - ing! A li



du - li bi - la ho, la da - li bi - la ho, la



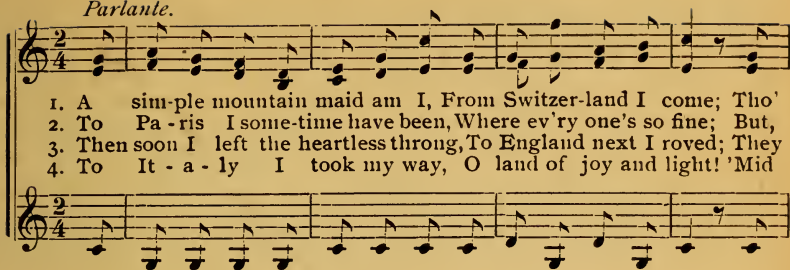
da - li bi - la ho, la da - li bi - la ho, ja



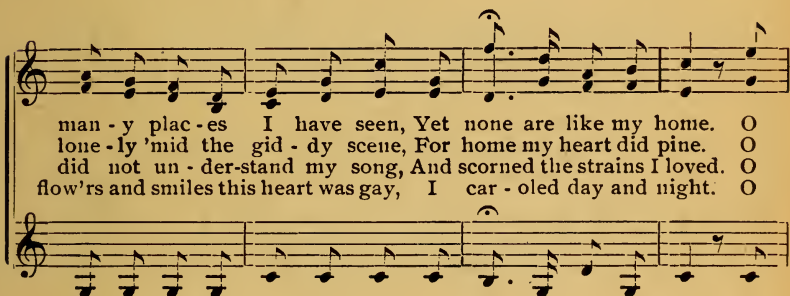
ho li ho la ho ja ho!

THE SWISS MAID.


Parlante.



1. A sim-ple mountain maid am I, From Switzer-land I come; Tho'
 2. To Pa-ris I some-time have been, Where ev'ry one's so fine; But,
 3. Then soon I left the heartless throng, To England next I roved; They
 4. To It-a-ly I took my way, O land of joy and light! 'Mid



man-y plac-es I have seen, Yet none are like my home. O
 lone-ly 'mid the gid-dy scene, For home my heart did pine. O
 did not un-der-stand my song, And scorned the strains I loved. O
 flow'rs and smiles this heart was gay, I car-oled day and night. O



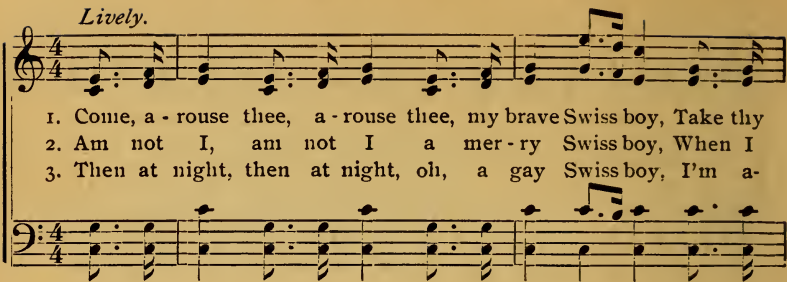
Switzerland, O love-ly land! Al- tho' thy heights are robed with snow; O
 Switzerland, O love-ly land! Than the world thy snows are far less cold; O
 Switzerland, O love-ly land! Fashion's smiles are like thy snows; O
 Switzerland, O love-ly land! A - gain I come, dear home, to thee; O



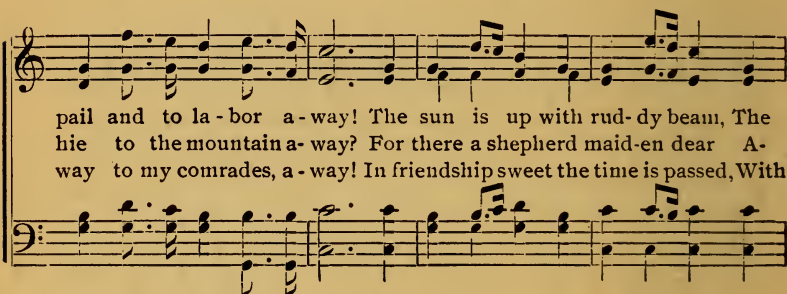
Swit-zer-land, O love-ly land! Warm hearts are in thy vales be-low.
 Swit-zer-land, O love-ly land! All that glit-ters is not gold.
 Swit-zer-land, O love-ly land! With thee this heart would fain repose.
 Swit zer-land, O love-ly land! More dear than all art thou to me.

THE MERRY SWISS BOY.

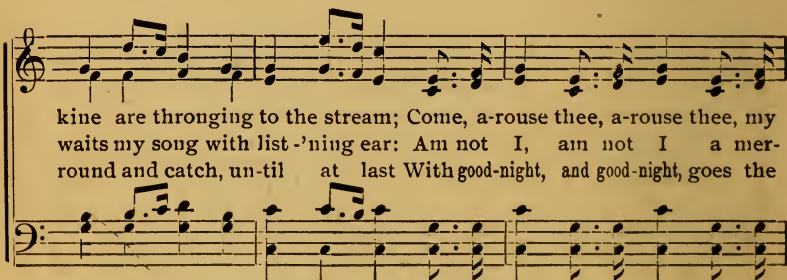
Lively.



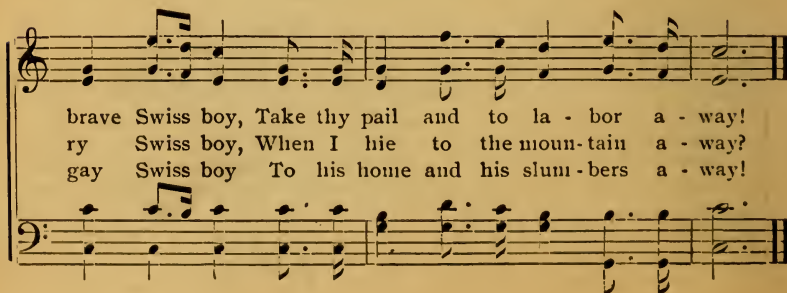
1. Come, a - rouse thee, a - rouse thee, my brave Swiss boy, Take thy
 2. Am not I, am not I a mer - ry Swiss boy, When I
 3. Then at night, then at night, oh, a gay Swiss boy, I'm a -



pail and to la - bor a - way! The sun is up with rud - dy beam, The
 hie to the mountain a - way? For there a shepherd maid - en dear A -
 way to my comrades, a - way! In friendship sweet the time is passed, With



kine are thronging to the stream; Come, a - rouse thee, a - rouse thee, my
 waits my song with list - ning ear: Am not I, am not I a mer -
 round and catch, un - til at last With good - night, and good - night, goes the



brave Swiss boy, Take thy pail and to la - bor a - way!
 ry Swiss boy, When I hie to the moun - tain a - way?
 gay Swiss boy To his home and his slum - bers a - way!

AN AFTERNOON IN SWITZERLAND.

PROGRAMME.

- 1, Introduction.
2. Recitation "Switzerland."
3. Song, "Switzerland.
4. Basel.
5. Chalets.
6. Glimpses of the Country.
7. Story of Arnold Von Winkleried.
8. Song, "Land of Freedom."
9. Neuchatel.
10. Education.
11. Recitation, "Excelsior."
12. Lausanne.
13. Vineyards.
14. Tableau, "Swiss Peasants."
15. Song, "The Swiss Maid."
16. Geneva and its Beautiful Lake.
17. Castle of Chillon, Story.
18. Recitation or Reading, "The Prisoner of Chillon."
19. Festival of Vintage.
20. Alpine Post Ride.
21. Song, "The Alpine Horn."
22. Recitation, "The Mountain Boy."
23. Tableau, "Alpine Shepherd Boy."
24. Swiss Villages.
25. The Mountains.
26. Recitation, "The Alpine Horn."
27. Glaciers.
28. The Chamois.
29. Song, "The Alpine Hunter."
30. Summer Pastures.
31. Alpine Flowers.
32. St. Bernard Hospice.
33. Recitation, "Song of St. Bernard,"
34. Berne.
35. Recitation, "Berne."

36. The Government.
37. Song, "National Song of Switzerland."
38. Interlaken.
39. Lauterbrunnen.
40. Grindelwold.
41. Lucerne.
42. Recitation, "Monument at Lucerne."
43. Pilatus.
44. William Tell.
45. Tableau, "William Tell."
46. Song, "O Thou My Country."
47. Recitation, "William Tell."
48. People and Social Life.
49. Song, "Stand Firm, O Fatherland."
50. Zurich.
51. Matterhorn.
52. Song, "The Triumph of Liberty."

SWITZERLAND.

From a lofty Alpine summit look down upon this land,
 It lies there like a volume all written by God's hand;
 The mountains are the letters, as leaves the fields enroll,
 Saint Gothard is only an asterisk in this gigantic scroll.

Know you what there is written? O, see it beams so bright!
 Freedom stands there, ye princes! can ye read the page aright?
 No chancellor engrossed it, it is no parchment chart,
 And the red that burns in the signet is the blood of a people's
 heart.

Behold the mighty mountain,—the Monk in the country height,
 Around his brow the eagle sweeps in its heavenward flight;
 His cowl is of rock, and the snow-crown becomes his temples
 well,
 His prayer-book the starry heavens, the universe his cell.

When a monk appears, there surely can be no lack of preaching,
 In the thunder of the avalanche, in the cataract he is teaching;
 Freedom! that is his text-word; good sirs, you do not smile?
 It is clear the monk is a heretic,—he must go into durance vile.

Hear how her song magnificent thrills in the beating heart,
Freedom! Freedom! she sings so that all our pulses start;
By heavens! with such a harmony never sang daughters of earth,
And they who join in the chorus are surely of heavenly birth.

Graf Von Anersperg, Tr., J. O. Sargent.

EXCELSIOR.

The shades of night were falling fast,
As through an Alpine village passed
A youth, who bore, mid snow and ice,
A banner with the strange device,
Excelsior!

His brow was sad; his eye beneath
Flashed like a falchion from its sheath,
And like a silver clarion rung
The accents of that unknown tongue,
Excelsior!

In happy homes he saw the light
Of household fires gleam warm and bright;
Above, the spectral glaciers shone,
And from his lips escaped a groan,
Excelsior!

"Try not the pass!" the old man said;
"Dark lowers the tempest overhead,
The roaring torrent is deep and wide!"
And loud that clarion voice replied,
Excelsior!

"O stay," the maiden said, "and rest
Thy weary head upon this breast!"
A tear stood in his bright blue eye,
But still he answered, with a sigh,
Excelsior!

"Beware the pine-tree's withered branch!
Beware the awful avalanche!"
This was the peasant's last Good-night,

A voice replied, far up the height,
Excelsior!

At break of day, as heavenward
The pious monks of Saint Bernard
Uttered the oft-repeated prayer,
A voice cried through the startled air,
Excelsior!

A traveller, by the faithful hound,
Half buried in the snow was found,
Still grasping in his hand of ice,
That banner with the strange device,
Excelsior!

There in the twilight cold and gray,
Lifeless, but beautiful, he lay,
And from the sky, serene and far,
A voice fell, like a falling star,
Excelsior!

—*Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.*

THE MOUNTAIN BOY.

The shepherd of the Alps am I,
The castles far beneath me lie;
Here first the ruddy sunlight gleams,
Here linger last the parting beams,
The mountain boy am I!

Here is the river's fountain head,
I drink it from its stony bed;
As forth it leaps with joyous shout,
I seize it ere it gushes out.
The mountain boy am I!

The mountain is my own domain;
It calls its storms from sea and plain;
From north to south they howl afar;
My voice is heard amid their war.
The mountain boy am I!

And when the tocsin sounds alarms,
And mountain-bale-fires call to arms,
Then I descend, I join my king,
My sword I wave, my lay I sing.
The mountain boy am I!

The lightnings far beneath me lie;
High stand I here in clear blue sky;
I know them, and to them I call;
In quiet leave my father's hall.
The mountain boy am I!

Johann Ludwig Uhland, Tr., Anon.

THE ALPINE HORN.

In the wild chamois' track
At the breaking of morn,
With the hunter's pride
O'er the mountain side,
We are led by the sound of the Alpine horn.

O, that voice to me is a sound of glee,
Wherever my footsteps roam;
And I long to bound
When I hear that sound
Again to my mountain home.

I have crossed the proud Alps
I have sailed down the Rhone,
And there is no spot like the simple cot
And the hill and the valley I call my own.

There the skies are bright
And our hearts are light,
Our bosoms without a fear;
For our toil is play,
And our sport, the fray
With the mountain roe or deer.

E. J. Lacer.

WILLIAM TELL.

Chains may subdue the feeble spirit, but thee,
Tell, of the iron heart! they could not tame;
For thou wert of the mountains; they proclaim
The everlasting creed of liberty.
That creed is written on the untrampled snow,
Thundered by torrents which no power can hold,
Save that of God, when he sends forth his cold,
And breathed by winds that through the free heaven blow.
Thou, while thy prison walls were dark around,
Didst meditate the lesson Nature taught,
And to thy brief captivity was brought
A vision of thy Switzerland unbound.
The bitter cup they mingled strengthened thee
For the great work to set thy country free.

— *William Cullen Bryant.*

MONUMENT AT LUCERNE.

When maddened France shook her King's palace floor,
Nobly, heroic Swiss, ye met your doom.
Unflinching martyr to the oath he swore,
Each steadfast soldier faced a certain tomb.

Not for your own, but others' claims ye died:
The steep, hard path of fealty called to tread,
Threatened or soothed, ye never turned aside,
But held right on, where fatal duty led!

Reverent we stand beside the sculptured rock,
Your cenotaph,—Helvetia's grateful stone;
And mark in wonderment, the breathing block,
Thorwaldsen's glorious trophy,—in your own

Yon dying lion is your monument!
Type of majestic suffering, the brave brute,
Human almost, in mighty languishment
Lies wounded, not subdued; and, proudly mute.

Seems as for some great cause resigned to die;
And, hardly less than hero's parting breath,
Speaks to the spirit, through the admiring eye,
Of courage, faith, and honorable death.

John Kenyon.

LION OF LUCERNE.

A thing of beauty we discern
In the Lion of Lucerne
A joy forever to all eyes
Wrought from the native granite rock.
Danish Thorwaldsen's masterpiece,
Couchant, transfixed, without surcease
Of pain, struggles against the shock;
And while for breath he gasps,
Lily of France he grasps
With ardent pressure ere he dies.

Sel.

THE PRISONER OF CHILLON.

My hair is gray, but not with years,
Nor grew it white in a single night
As men's have grown from sudden fears;
My limbs are bowed, though not with toil,
But rusted with a vile repose,
For they have been a dungeon's spoil,
And mine has been the fate of those
To whom the goodly earth and air
Are banned and barred—forbidden fare;
But this was for my father's faith
I suffered chains and courted death;
That father perished at the stake
For tenets he would not forsake;
And for the same his lineal race
In darkness found a dwelling place;
We were seven who now are one
Six in youth and one in age.

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NOV 8 1909

Vol. V

MAY, 1902

No. 9

Subscription \$1.50 per Year

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